St. Mary's C.H.S.

The Memo...

1936

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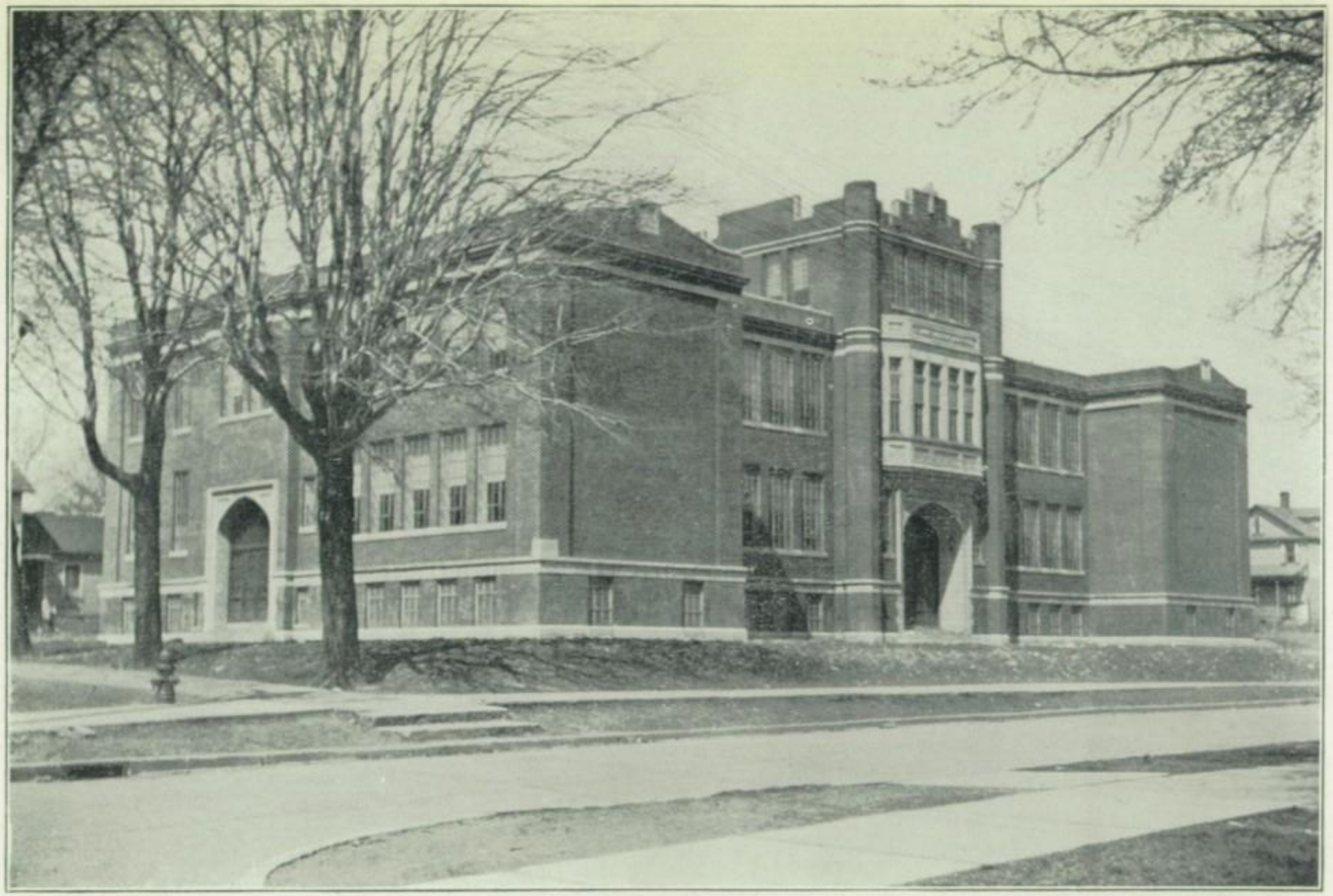
Seventh Volume

1936

Published Annually by the Senior Class of
St. Marys Catholic High School
St. Marys, Pennsylvania



St. Marys Catholic High School

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To

VERY REVEREND FATHER TIMOTHY, O. S. B.

To

REVEREND FATHER HENRY, O. S. B.

Our Pastors, Guides, and Spiritual Fathers

We

THE CLASS OF 1936

respectfully dedicate this volume

of the

"MEMO"

Ad Multos

To Our Jubilarians

As swift as homing pigeons in their flight,
So have your days of blessed priesthood flown,
Now five and twenty silver years have passed,
Since Jesus, High Priest, marked you for His own.

Oh well we know the way was toilsome, hard,
And hopes and fears a bitter battle fought,
But Jesus in His tender love and trust,
Made all those trifling fears become as naught.

Your priestly hearts have often glowed with joy,
When some poor sinner found the path of right,
Or some sad, anguished, doubting soul,
Pierced clouds of gloom, and reveled in the light.

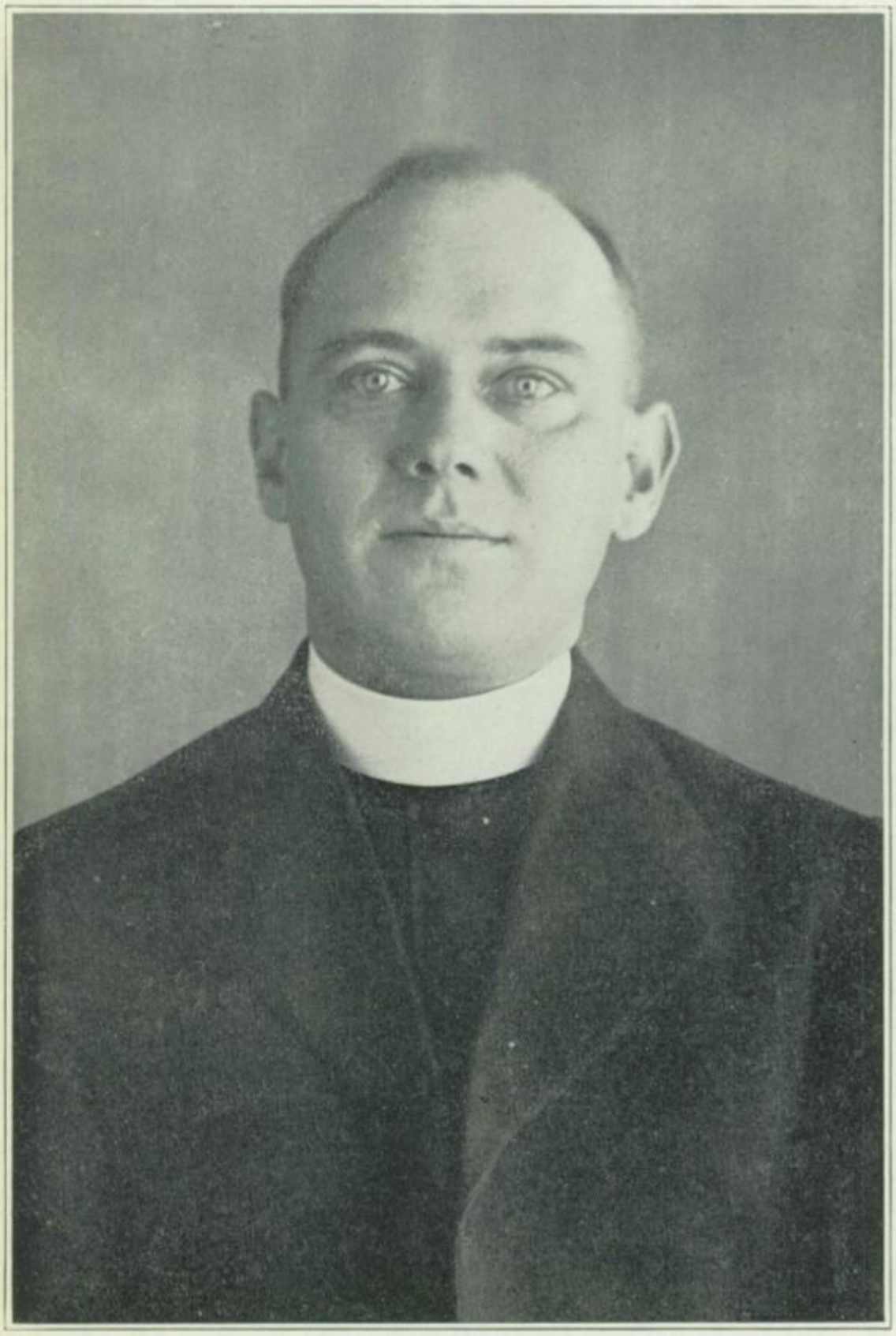
Your murmured blessings, in many a wounded heart,
Have nestled, grown, and reaped a harvest rare.
Your blessed hands in benediction raised,
Have brightened many a soul depressed with care.

So when your loved Master calls you Home,
And you bow before the throne, on bended knee,
Your Guardian Angels lovingly shall say,
"Here are two priests—brothers, Lord, to Thee."

—*Rita Krellner.*

Annos

1911



VERY REV. FATHER TIMOTHY, O. S. B.

Our Jubilarian

1936

Ad Multos

"Father Timothy"

Twenty-five years in the Priesthood,
  Standing at the altar of God;
Twenty-five years vowed to His service,
  The Shepherd's lone pathways he trod.

Twenty-five years spent in blessing
  With the hands anointed for Him;
Like the Master, he loves little children,
  Allows none their souls' luster to dim.

Twenty-five years as a teacher,
  Instilling into youth what is good;
A friend to the poor and the aged,
  Bidding come for his aid all who would.

Giving council to the doubting and weary,
  Dispensing comfort in sorrow and grief,
Restoring peace to the soul of the sinner,
  To the sufferer, bringing relief.

Ever ready to give to the dying,
  The aids of the church in their need;
Assisting the soul in its passing,
  With His grace and the Church's God-speed.

May his merits on earth yet be many,
  May he labor yet long in the Fold,
That ere comes God's call for departing,
  Silver sheen has been blended with gold.

—*Seniors.*

Annos

Our Jubilarian

Very Reverend Father Timothy, O. S. B.

VERY Reverend Father Timothy Seus, O. S. B., was born September 4, 1886, in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and received the name Philip in Baptism. When six years of age he was enrolled at St. Marys grade school, Allegheny, and continued there until the year 1898 when he entered the Scholasticate at St. Vincent College, Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

After about six years of successful study there, he was admitted to the Novitiate and so became a member of a Religious house without being bound by vows. Exactly a year and a day later, July 2, 1905, he made his Religious Profession, thereby binding himself to the Benedictine Order for life.

Six years later, lacking one day, Reverend Father Timothy was ordained a Priest of God, and on the following day, July 2, 1911, celebrated his first Solemn High Mass at his childhood home and parish, St. Marys, Allegheny.

Following his ordination, he spent four years as professor at St. Vincent College, after which he was sent, in the year 1915, to teach at the Benedictine High School, Pueblo, Colorado. Here he also did parish work at St. Leander's Church. In 1918 he returned east and as assistant pastor labored at St. Benedict's Church, Carroltown, Pennsylvania, until September, 1919, when he was transferred to St. Marys, Pennsylvania, where, during the last seventeen years, he has labored zealously for the good of souls, especially for the young. As assistant at St. Marys Church, this city, he had charge of the young men's associations as well as of the Young Ladies' Sodality, and both testify to his untiring efforts in their behalf.

In 1933 the Sacred Heart Church was entrusted to him, and he served in this parish as Pastor from January till August of the following year, when he returned to St. Marys congregation as Pastor and Prior. His return was gladly welcomed by his many friends, and now that his Silver Jubilee of Priesthood has come all are happy to have him still in their midst that on this day, they may be able to show in a slight way their appreciation for all he has done for the people of St. Marys.

We, the students of St. Marys Catholic High School, take this occasion to thank him, and to express our appreciation for his fatherly care and kindly direction of each and all who have had the happiness of being numbered among his spiritual children.

May he live long and happily among us, and may God grant him the grace to offer the Holy Sacrifice for yet another twenty-five years, and so see the day that marks the happy celebration of his Golden Jubilee.

"Boyhood dreams of long ago,
Saw an altar fair,
Consecrated, trembling hands,
Lifted there in prayer.
And those dreams have led me on,
Dreamlike though they seemed.
Now, dear friend, thank God with me,
I am what I dreamed."

—*A. Kronenwetter.*

A Prayer for Priests

Keep them, I pray Thee, dearest Lord,
Keep them, for they are Thine—
Thy priests whose lives burn out before
Thy consecrated shrine.

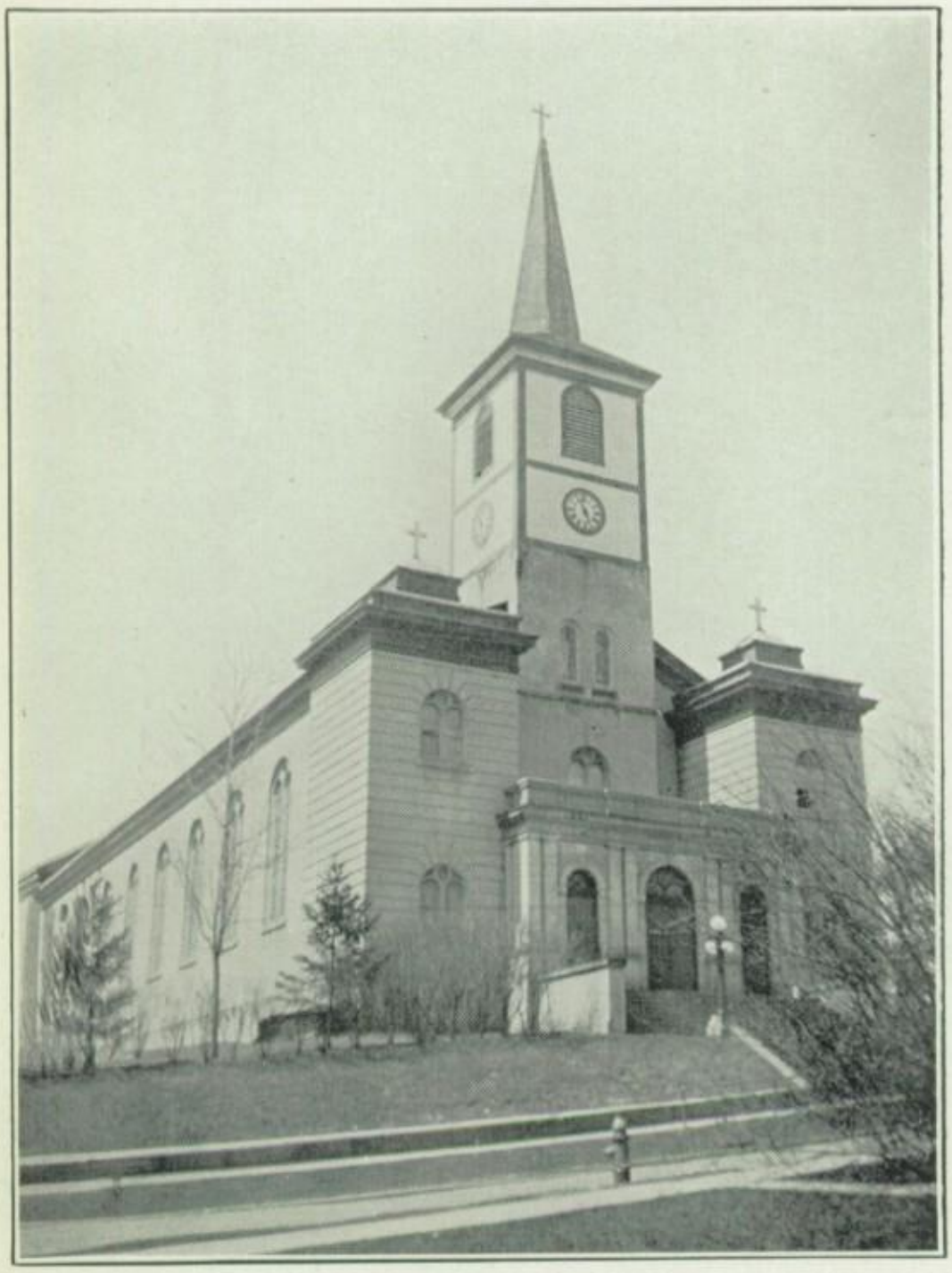
Keep them, for they are in the world,
Though from the world apart,
When earthly pleasures tempt, allure—
Shelter them in Thy heart.

Keep them, and comfort them in hours
Of loneliness and pain,
When all their life of sacrifice
For souls seems but in vain.

Keep them, and O remember, Lord,
They have no one but Thee,
Yet they have only human hearts,
With human frailty.

Keep them as spotless as the Host—
That daily they caress—
Their every thought and word and deed,
Deign, dearest Lord, to bless.

—*Selected.*



St. Marys Church

Our Church

There standing proudly on the hill,
St. Marys church is standing still;
The first that little mount has graced,
Not storm nor time its walls have razed.

The settlers wrought with trowel and spade,
Devoutly its foundation laid,
And gave their priests and fellow-men
A worthy heritance from them.

Long have these settlers passed away,
The church they built knows not decay,
Majestic walls and graceful spire
Still point our thoughts to something higher.

The bells that tolled them to their rest,
Still call us to our duties blessed;
Still ring as for them long ago,
In days of joy and days of woe.

And still they'll ring as time goes on,
When we in turn to rest have gone;
And still they'll urge to heed the calls,
To seek for peace within its walls.

To kneel in prayer where others knelt,
Where scores of years their Savior dwelt;
And in this hallowed Sacred place,
Obtain His blessing, strength, and grace.

—*Vincent Sorg.*

1911

Rev. Father Henry, O. S. B.
Our Jubilarian

1936

Ad Multos

Reverend Father Henry

Five and twenty years he spent,
In the service of his King;
We are glad to have him here,
While the bells of Jubilee ring.

All his priestly life he's given
To sanctify his fold;
He cares not if the value of
His work remains untold.

Societies he organized,
St. Anne's and Holy Name,
Yet in his work there ne'er appeared
A thought of earthly fame.

In years to come, when he is called,
His merits will be large
For all he did to save the souls
Entrusted to his charge.

—*Thomas Learn.*

Annos

Our Jubilarian
Reverend Father Henry, O. S. B.

REVEREND Father Henry was born in Covington, Kentucky, December 15, 1884. He entered the Scholasticate of St. Vincent in 1898 and six years later, the Novitiate. He was now a spiritual son of the great St. Benedict. The following year, on July 2, 1905, he pronounced his holy vows and thus became a member of the renowned Benedictine Order.

After a lapse of almost another six years Reverend Father Henry was ordained to the sacred priesthood, July 1, 1911.

Immediately after his ordination he was assigned to the assistant pastorate of the Fourteen Holy Martyrs Church, Baltimore, Maryland. For three years he faithfully and zealously worked for the souls of this parish.

In 1914 he was recalled to St. Vincent where for four years he was actively engaged in the teaching profession.

Since 1918 Father Henry has devoted all his time to parish work. The four years, 1918-1922, he spent here as assistant pastor of the Sacred Heart Parish and the next twelve years, 1922-1934, he was pastor of St. Marys Church, Patton, Pa.

In 1934 he was again placed in our midst, this time as leader and shepherd of the Sacred Heart Parish.

Great has been the result of his governing and organizing power, from the seemingly trivial matter of order at Holy Communion to the organization of two great societies, the Holy Name and St. Anne's. He has ever the welfare of his parishioners at heart.

The Sacred Heart Student Body happily takes this occasion to express sincere gratitude for his kindly and fatherly interest.

Most Hearty Congratulations, Dear Reverend Father. May God grant you another twenty-five years in His Divine Service.

"How I longed in boyhood days,
To be a priest of God;
An alter-Christus that will tread
The path that He has trod;
To stand with Him on Calvary
Beneath the Holy Rood.

O God, Thou heard'st that secret prayer,
  At the altar now I stand;
And hold Thy Sacred Flesh and Blood
  Within my trembling hand."

—*C. Brennen.*

The Beautiful Hands of a Priest

We need them in life's early morning,
  We need them again at its close,
We feel their warm clasp of true friendship,
  We seek them when tasting life's woes.

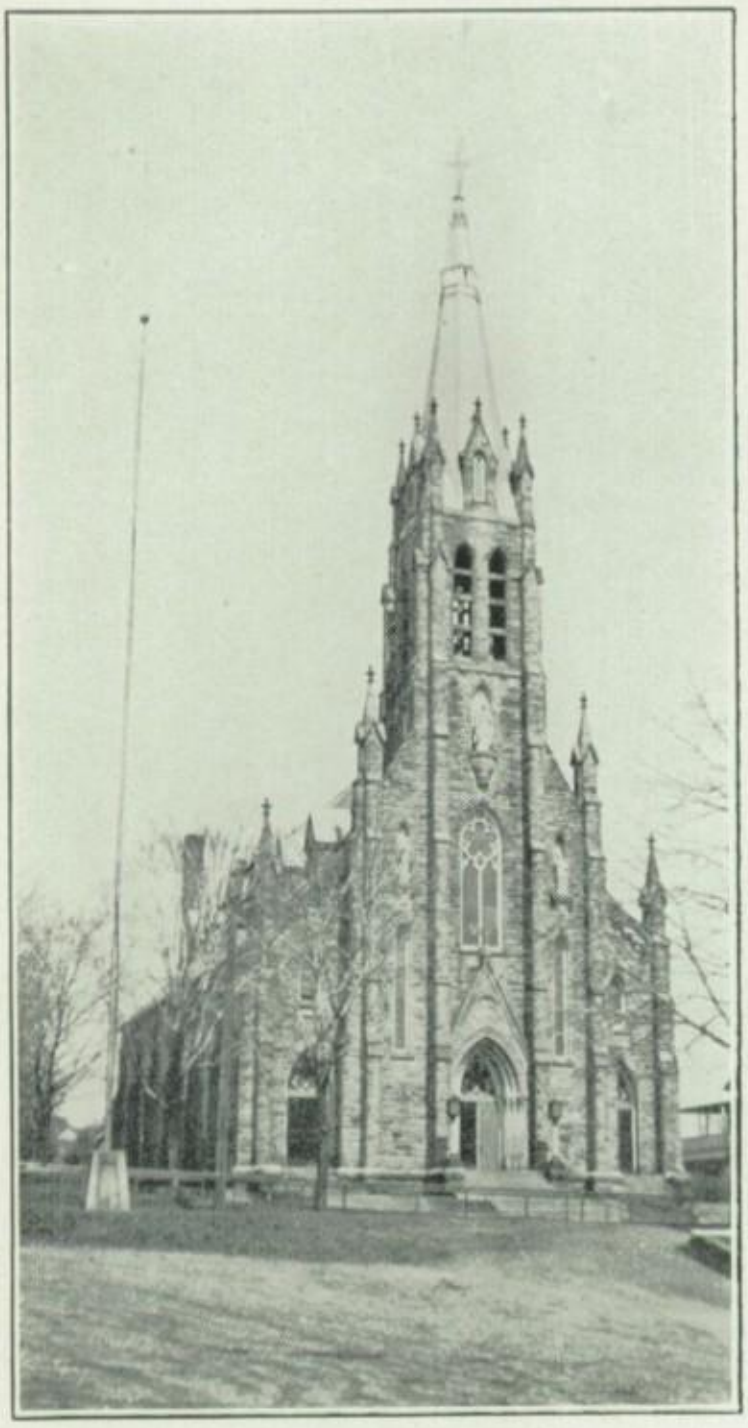
At the altar each day we behold them,
  And the hands of a king on his throne
Are not equal to them in their greatness,
  Their dignity stands all alone.

For there in the stillness of morning,
  Ere the sun has emerged from the East,
There God rests between the pure fingers
  Of the beautiful hands of a priest.

God bless them and keep them all holy
  For the Host which their fingers caress,
What can a poor sinner do better
  Than to ask Him Who chose them to bless.

When the death dews on our eyelids are falling
  May our courage and strength be increased,
By seeing raised o'er us in blessing
  The beautiful hand of a priest.

—*Selected.*



Sacred Heart Church

Sacred Heart Church

A Gothic structure,
  Imposing and high;
With its lofty towers,
  It points to the sky.

Its golden cross glistens,
  Touched by the sun;
Its statue of Jesus
  Invites you to come

And enter its portals,
  Wide open all day,
To rest there a moment
  And silently pray.

Within, there is beauty
  In pillars and walls;
Each window and station
  Christ's lessons recalls.

Its altars and flowers,
  The little red light,
Speak of the Real Presence
  Enthroned day and night.

He deigns to stay with us
  As Christ, our King;
He will hear your petitions,
  And peace to you bring.

—*C. Brennen.*

Our Church Bells

With a far-away sound,
Mellow and sweet,
Comes the ringing of bells,
Each day of the week.

Gently they're calling,
Inviting to Mass,
Where all meet together,
Without rank or class.

They ring during offering
Of bread and wine;
Announce at Consecration,
Our Savior divine.

They ring at Elevation,
Bidding you pray;
They call you to Communion,
Do not delay.

Their voice at Benediction,
Bids you kneel;
They bring you God's Message,
In woe or in weal.

When your soul has departed
From its body of clay,
They ask by their tolling,
The living to pray.

—*W. Weber.*

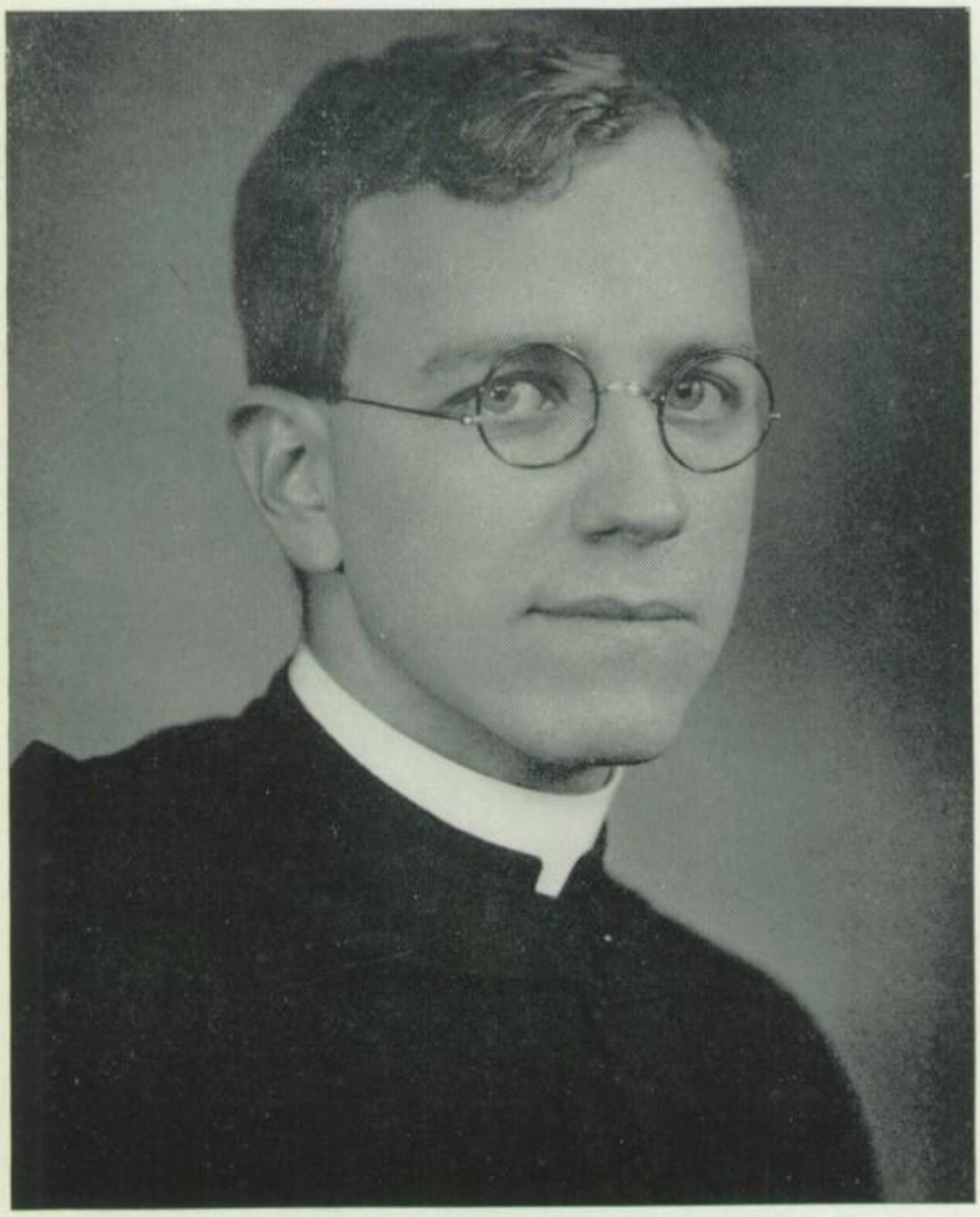
To the Virgin Mother

Virgin Mother, chaste and pure,
Help me life's trials to endure,
So that daily I may become
More like your holy Infant Son.

Virgin Mother, sweet and mild,
Guide me as your loving child,
Through this world so dark and drear,
At my last hour do Thou be near.

Virgin Mother, from Heaven above,
Shower upon me your greatest love,
That safe from temptation I may flee
To God in Heaven and to Thee.

—*Bernardine Grotzinger.*



REV. FATHER THEODORE, O. S. B.
Assistant Pastor, St. Marys Church

Reverend Father Theodore, O. S. B.

A friend to every student,
A pal to every boy,
Is Reverend Father Theodore.
His lessons we enjoy.

He is zealous in each player,
To bring out what is best;
Gives help to each one present
Before he stops to rest.

But not to sportsmen only,
Would he the players train;
He'd have them earnest students
That will no task disdain.

He'd have them grow in manhood,
With conscience clean and whole;
Would have them as true sportsmen
Reach their eternal goal.

We thank you, Reverend Father,
For all your help and love,
And pray that God will bless you
From His great throne above.

—*Senior Boys.*

REV. FATHER DAVID, O. S. B.
Assistant Pastor, Sacred Heart Church

Reverend Father David, O. S. B.

Our assistant pastor, so gentle and kind,
Another like him, we'll long seek to find;
In this sinful world, he earnestly strives
To lead us on ever to holier lives.

Imbued with this purpose, and ardent desire,
To set our hearts and minds all afire,
With love of Mary, he works with a will,
The Sodality principles in us to instill.

Conferences he holds to better us all,
Socials and parties to fill pleasure's call.
Our Sodality Room, a real home he has made,
From our memories so happy, it never will fade.

—*Zita Woods.*

Sacred Heart

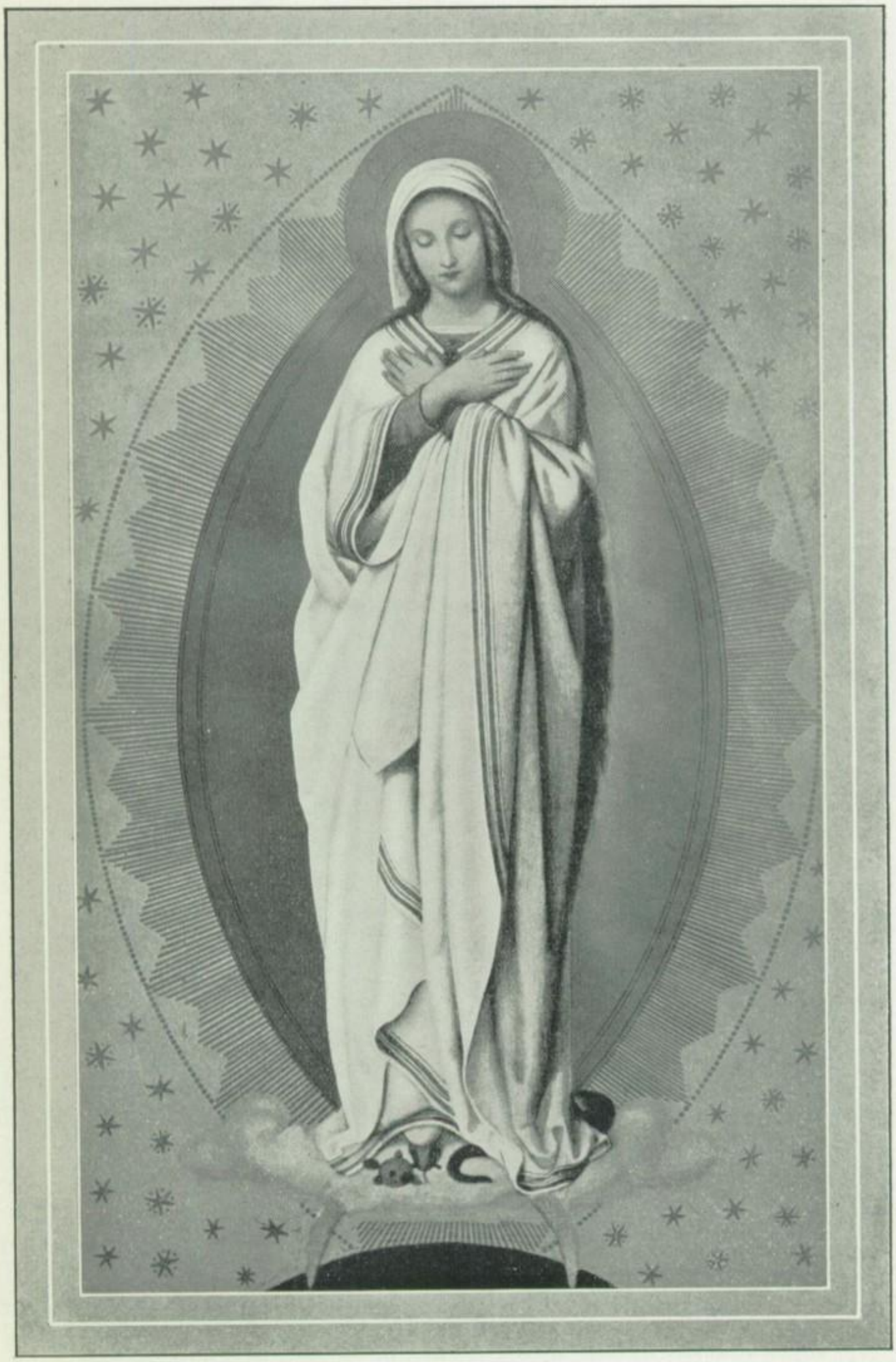
To Thee, Oh Sweet Jesus, we send up our cry,
That Thou mayest help us as Catholics to die.
For Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Light,
That shines on the pathway of Heaven so bright.

Help us, dear Lord, our burdens to bear,
And with us we beg Thee our joys to share.
Keep us, weak sinners, in Thy tender care,
And teach our poor hearts the true love of prayer.

Lord, Thy pierced hands stretch over us all,
Protect us so lovingly lest we should fall.
Teach us to love Thee each day more and more,
We, Thy dear children, most truly implore.

Alone do not leave us on that final day,
When life's last embers are dying away.
Oh, Heart of Jesus, do not leave us alone,
But with Thee do take us to Thy Heavenly Home.

—*Staffie Shuster.*



Our Blessed Mother

Holy Virgin, our blessed Mother,
Sweeter than thou, there is no other.
Saints and Angels thou dost rule,
And thou art patron of our school.

Our guiding light, our Blessed Queen,
In all good homes thy picture's seen.
In God's fair Heaven thou dost shine
So dearly loved by that Son of Thine.

Refuge of sinners, Star of the Sea,
Thy life's an example of how we should be.
So holy, so pure, so loving, so mild,
Thou Mother of Jesus, the Holy Christ Child.

—*Rita Jacob.*

Our Sisters

Who are they
  With hearts so true,
Give up their time
  To help us thru?

They are our Sisters
  So faithful but firm;
With efforts and patience
  They aid us to learn.

We thank them all
  Who so faithfully trod
The path of hardships,
  Leading to God.

May He in His Palace
  Watching above,
Look down upon them
  With all His love.

May He with His grace,
  Be their help and guide;
And may they in Heaven
  Forever abide.

—*William Weber,* '36.

Class of Thirty-Six

Above the stars a songbird trills,
My soul with ecstasy it thrills;
My heart with wondrous rapture fills,
It sings for Thirty-Six.

I would that I, in song sublime,
Might soar beyond the bounds of time;
And chant in mystic measured chime,
The Class of Thirty-Six.

But, ah! The muse hath hushed my strain,
My polished poem, cleft in twain;
One theme appeals to pen in vain,
The Class of Thirty-Six.

With love and joy, when hate is rife,
With might serene, in storm and strife,
It graves a poem in its life,
The Class of Thirty-Six.

Our motto, "Darkness brings out stars,"
Will be our guide 'mid rocks and bars;
And lead us 'gainst a world of wars,
The Class of Thirty-Six.

My comrades all, be true! Be true!
The work of God is done by few,
See that a part be done by you,
The Class of Thirty-Six.

Then here's to Central, one and all,
And here's a pledge, whate'er befall:
Be true till Judgment doth us call,
Be true to Thirty-Six.

—*Arthur Werner.*

Class Officers
1936

President.....ARTHUR WERNER

Vice-President.....MARTHA OLSON

Secretaries.....LORETTA HAGAN -- CHARLES BRENNEN

Treasurers.....BERNARDINE GROTZINGER -- JOHN GREGORY

Motto

Darkness Brings Out The Stars

Flowers

Orange Blossom

Colors

Gold and White

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JOHN GREGORY RITA KRELLNER DOROTHY AMBUSKE

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WILLIAM STRAUB ARTHUR WERNER

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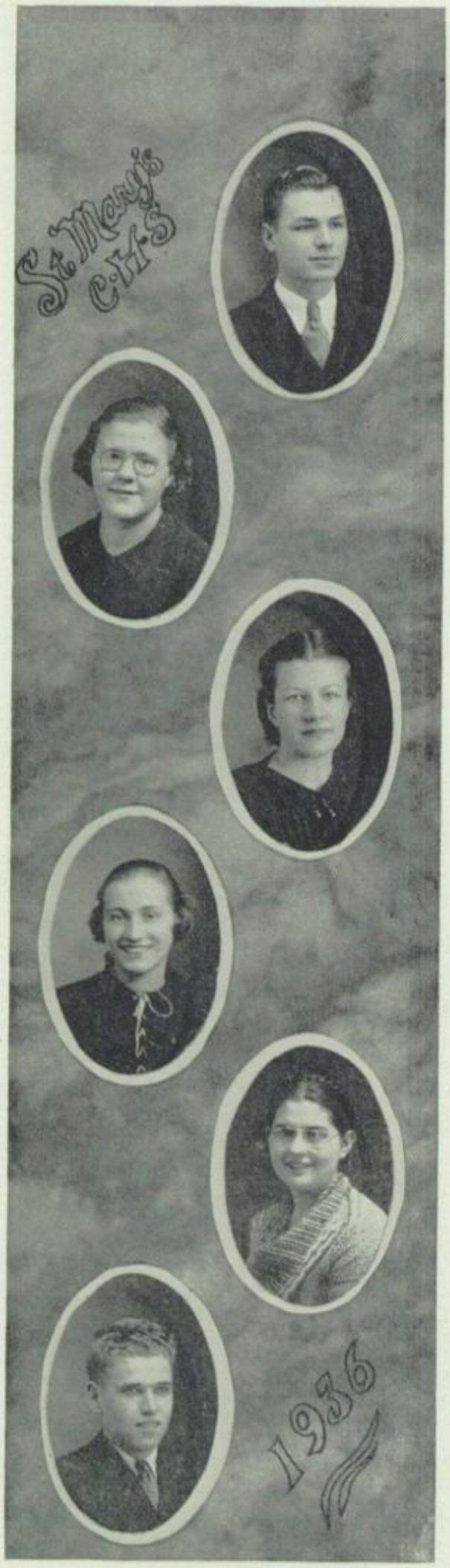
CHARLES BRENNEN EARL ANDRES

Censors

SENIOR TEACHERS

Graduates



Arthur G. Werner

Faithful, studious, honest and true,
A leader, a student, a friend to you,
Devoted and loyal to teachers and school,
First duty, then pleasure, his unfailing rule.

Rita M. Krellner

Friendship with one so kind and sweet,
Can never on this earth be beat.
Truly in Heaven the friendship she'll gain
Of God, His Mother and the Angel train.

Dorothy C. Ambuske

I know a girl, her name is Dot,
Her personality is most sweet.
A slacker in her studies, she's not,
Her, I'm sure, you wish to meet.

Bernardine M. Grotzinger

A helping hand she lends to all,
Ever heeding friendship's call,
Ready to work and toil and pray
To comfort the weary on life's way.

Charlotte P. Heinkel

Charlotte came from old New York,
She speaks so serenely and calm.
Her voice is gentle and Oh! so soft,
It's just like a soothing balm.

Thomas J. Learn

A lover of studies, of books, and of fun,
Tho' hard be the tests, knows failure in none;
A pal to be trusted, a helper in need,
Obliging and loyal in word and in deed.

Charles E. Brennen

Regular, punctual, bright as the day,
Smiling and cheerful, drives troubles away,
Shows deference to teachers, regard for friends,
Religious convictions he wisely defends.

Veronica M. Fritz

Although in stature she's very small,
Her spacious heart finds room for all.
She's a loyal pal, and a true friend,
Persevering to a glorious end.

Zita M. Woods

Kind and thoughtful of others,
Always a lady is she.
May all through life her spirit glow
Like a guiding light in this world of woe.

Loretta M. Hagan

A true friend to all around her,
With a personality hard to surpass,
Is this not the character
Of Retta -- a leader of our class?

Rita M. Herzing

So very kind-hearted is Rita,
Oh sure you will all agree,
With generous aid she's ever ready,
To help those who in need might be.

John K. Pistner

Earnest and busy with studies all day,
Quiet, successful wins credit alway,
Big-hearted and gentle, friendly to all,
E'er ready to heed emergency's call.

JOHN M. GREGORY

Noted for honesty in act and in speech,
Studiously silent, but helpful to each,
His manner encouraging, his smile ever kind,
His like as a student and pal hard to find.

MARY A. LEITHNER

When for good deeds there is a request,
You will always find Mary full of zest.
There is never a dull moment or any gloom
When our friend Mary enters the room.

STAFFIE M. SHUSTER

Earnest and loyal, happy and true,
Steadily working without any fuss,
A dependable friend, and loving chum,
That's what Staffie means to us.

ALICE A. WORTMAN

Ever and ever does she work,
And never a duty does she shirk.
Always cheerful and friendly to all
This is Alice, stately and tall.

MILDRED M. BRAUN

Millie, our classmate,
Light-hearted and gay,
She's bound to succeed
In work and in play.

ALPHONSE J. KRONENWETTER

Clean in speech and earnest in play,
Entrusted with tasks he knows not delay,
Hard working at books, at school and at home,
Seeking for knowledge in many a tome.

Wilfred M. Hanes

Sees what is good in every one;
An unkind word he speaks of none,
O'er problems hard he likes to think,
But much prefers his paints and ink.

Martha H. Olson

Speaks a kind word to everyone;
And malice she shows toward none.
Always diligent at home and at school,
Faithful in keeping the golden rule.

Mary Rose Minnick

Ever studious is Mary Rose,
Her mind's intent till work is done.
In loving spirit and good cheer,
So happily she joins in fun.

Rita M. Jacob

Tall and graceful, studious and diligent
Is this girl, Rita, from Central High.
A helping hand, she's sure to lend,
With work she continues and never a sigh.

Mary T. Weber

Mary, our friend, so matter of fact,
Wears a smile so cheery and gay.
She keeps at work with studious zeal,
Until at last she's won the day.

Andrew J. Wehler

Is fond of sports and outdoor life,
With science though he has no strife.
Defends his Faith in telling debates,
Clean speech and kindness among his traits.

Vincent J. Sorg

He everyone greets with a happy smile,
That helps the gloomiest thoughts to beguile,
E'er ready at sports any place to fill,
At school is a student that works with a will.

Helene M. Rupprecht

Helene is our typist,
So willing, so wise,
In work she's exact
Which makes her a prize.

Dolores M. Mullaney

This Irish pal of ours
Is as precious as the flowers.
Her actions, clever and gay,
Thus "Tete" remains throughout the day.

Iona A. Gausman

Quite lovely and charming, as sweet as can be,
A very good friend and pal is she.
Her eyes, they are bright, her smile is fair,
Surely there's goodness abiding there.

Virginia J. Cotter

Brimming with hope and lots of good cheer,
For her, in the future, lies a great career.
Kind and loving, and thoughtful, too,
As refreshing and soothing as the morning dew.

Albert J. Zwack

Genial and generous as few can be found,
Work is a pleasure when he is around,
His tasks are not easy, but he works with a will,
Conscientiously striving each duty to fill.

Earl E. Andres

Is always present with rank and file,
Knows not how wastefully time to beguile;
With tasks entrusted he's sure to go through,
Keeps fairness and honesty of service in view.

Helen M. Geeck

In story writing Helen's bright,
Hers is an earnest yearn to write.
She is a classmate, sweet and true,
May she succeed in whate'er she do.

Evelyn A. Haberberger

Good-humored and jolly this bright-eyed lass
Is considered the life of the Senior Class,
Her quick-witted answers, her every jest,
I'm sure you will find among the best.

Rose M. Solic

Typing swiftly and steadily,
Willingly working all day,
May God always love and bless
Our dear Rosie of C. H. S.

Marie V. Clonan

Marie, always cheerful and full of fun,
Seeing her goal, she makes sure it is won;
Though forever and ever in a rush,
She'll always be a great friend to us.

Thomas B. Lenze

Whatever his duty, it finds him in line,
Sunday and weekday, in rain, or in shine.
To Catholic Action he urges the class,
In zeal and endeavor, none him surpass.

William F. Weber

Devoted to Church, to school, and his own,
Not many so faithful and upright are known;
All form of deception is foreign to him,
His merits and credits did honestly win.

Catherine M. Wilhelm

Earnest and true, a jolly friend,
Working to a famous end;
We hope that she will surely gain,
Honor, praise and lasting fame.

Dolores C. Dieteman

Fun-loving, happy, and gay,
She cheers us on our rugged way.
May she always be content,
In all her glee and merriment.

Mary H. Andres

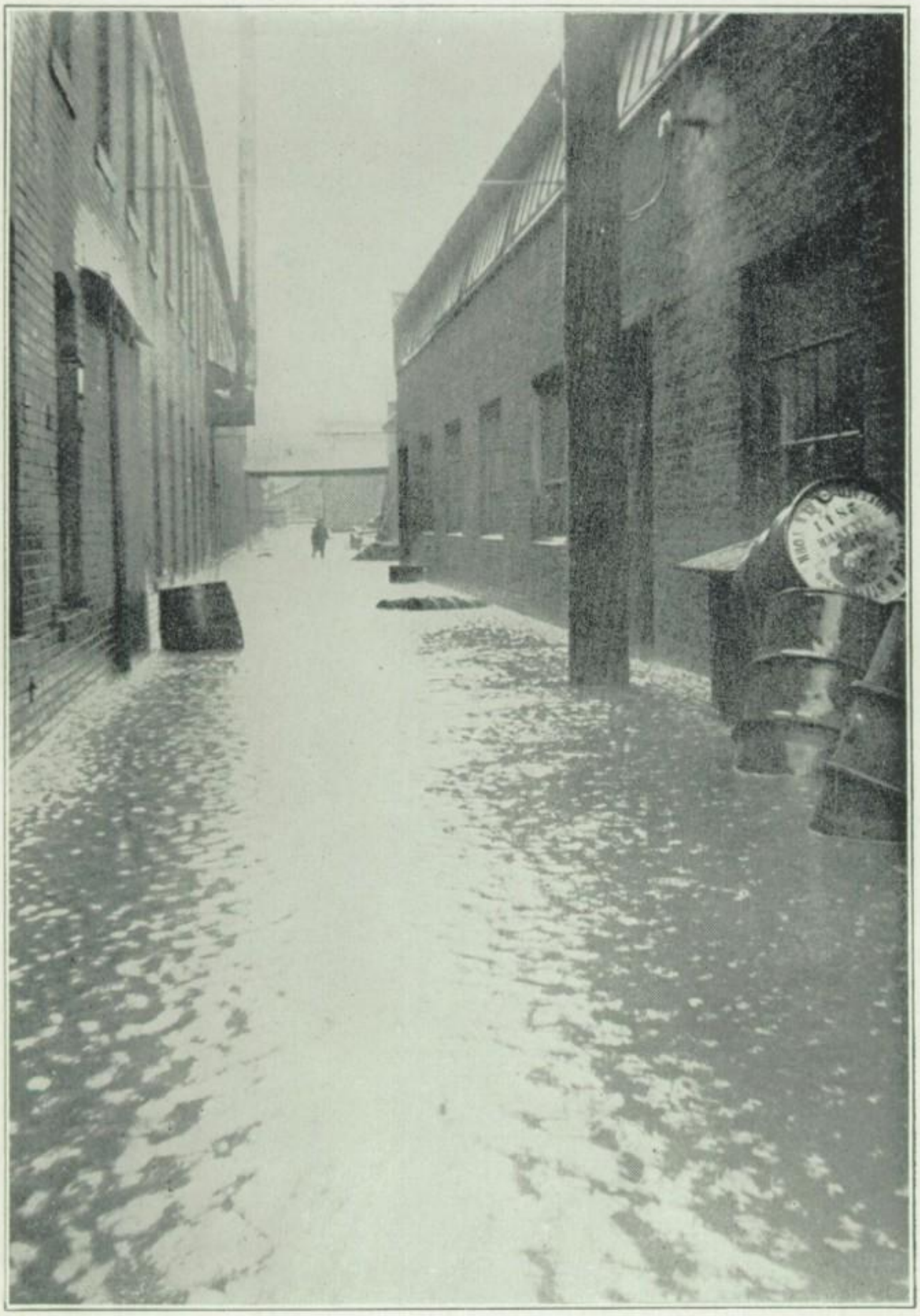
Here's one of the Marys
Of our bright class.
We'll bow to the sweetness
Of this loving lass.

Clair Marie O'Hern

The stately girl from Church Street way
Is full of frolic, laughter and play.
With Irish wit she's always there,
Acting her part with goodly share.

William F. Straub

A gentleman always, thoughtful and kind,
Each rule and superior is careful to mind.
Attentive to studies, early and late,
But love for his music, a distinguishing trait.



THE FLOOD NEAR THE FACTORIES
St. Marys, Pa., 1936

"Our March Heavenward"

For twelve long years we have studied and worked,
Have earnestly tried, no labors have shirked;
We look back to the years gone by, as one,
And joyfully gaze on the victory won.
But 'tis not the end, we only begin,
Still many a strife there's for us to win.
The world lies before us, lures us to wrong;
The victory there is but for the strong.
We'll meet with temptation, with vices and sin;
There'll be warring without, there'll be battles within.
The world is a wilderness, with treacherous paths,
Through which we must travel, spite enemies' wraths.
Neither pride nor disgrace can hold us back;
With prayer and grace, never courage we'll lack.
We'll enter it bravely, trusting in God,
He'll help with His Power and chastening rod;
He'll guide us through joy and help us in sorrow,
With Him as a friend, we dread not the morrow;
We'll emulate faithfully the Martyrs of old,
We'll laugh at all bribes and scorn proffered gold.
We'll end our journey at the gates of the blessed,
Where all strife will be ended, and in God we will rest;
For the soul longs for home after victory is won,
And Home is in God whence the soul of man sprung.

—*Thomas Lenze.*

What Is It All?

What is it all when all is told
This ceaseless toiling for fame or gold,
The fleeting joy or bitter tears?
We are only here a few short years;
Nothing our own but the silent past;
Loving or hating, nothing can last,
Each pathway leads to the silent fold,
  Oh! what is it all when all is told?

What is it all? A grassy mound,
Where day or night there is never a sound
Save the soft low mourn of the passing breeze,
As it lovingly rustles the silent trees,
Or a thoughtful friend with whispered prayer,
May sometimes break the stillness there,
Then hurry away from the gloom and cold.
  Oh! what is it all when all is told?

What is it all? Just passing through
A cross for me and a cross for you.
Ours seem heavy while others seem light,
But God in the end makes all things right;
He "tempers the wind" with such loving care,
He knows the burden that each can bear,
Then changes life's gray into heavenly gold.
  Ah! that is all when all is told.

—*Selected.*

Girls' Class History

IN that sunny September of 1924, we the class of '36 first wended our paths to the school door. Some of us began at the Sacred Heart School, while others entered the St. Marys School. Little did we realize then that we would one day be bound up in one class of true friendship and love.

To be thus taken from our mothers and placed in a school room all day seemed an unpardonable crime for which we felt certain we would seek revenge. After a few days of self-pity, we began to see how interesting life was really beginning to be. We became acquainted with one another and found that each of us had the same troubles.

The primary grades passed quickly with nothing more exciting or spectacular than contests, examinations and entertainment programs.

In the eighth grade we received what we thought was bad news. We were to have a composite examination at the end of the year. Boys and girls from both parochial schools, who were finishing their elementary training, took part. Each had assigned to him an individual card table which was but one among rows and rows in the spacious Sacred Heart Auditorium. We were given our test papers and then came the signal to commence. We dared hardly move for we were being watched from all sides.

We were examined in Grammar, Arithmetic and Spelling. Our nervous tension was relieved somewhat when a recess was called for the purpose of enjoying a "Popsicle" donated through the kindness of Reverend Father Herman. I dare say we all breathed more freely after that day was over.

The next year we were introduced to High School and, if I may say, we were very proud. Our present class was then brought together in the Central High School, we, from the Sacred Heart and the others from the Saint Marys School. We were shy at first, but after a few weeks we became fast friends. We were overwhelmed by the different order of things, and it took quite a time to get ourselves adjusted to changing teachers and rooms every forty-five minutes.

Next year we moved upstairs to the Sophomore room and while on the way, we lost some of our classmates. The most interesting study in this class was Domestic Science which taught us some points of the art of cooking. We prepared many a tasty dish.

Our Junior year was considered eventful because we received our class rings to which we had looked forward for years.

At last we were Seniors! But that feeling of exaltation which we had expected didn't come. Perhaps it was only our imagination that had led us to believe that we would feel great with the name "Senior".

Now our school career has almost drawn to a close and it is not without regret that we leave it behind us. Many a humorous and treasured event will be cherished as we turn back the pages of memory.

—*Loretta Hagan.*

A Review 1924-1936

'Twas September 1924,
When we as little girls and boys,
Our first steps to the school room made,
Where rules for future life were laid.

It was not long until grade two
Had slipped around, and then we knew
That our days of baby life
Were passing into days of strife.

Well, what do you think? Another year
Had come around to bid us cheer.
We now were in a higher grade,
Where difficult subjects must be made.

In grade four, our teacher mild,
Said one day, "You are too wild.
If work your companion cannot be,
I, the principal, tonight will see."

Into what little angels we suddenly grew,
That we, the same pupils were, no one knew.
And the reason was, well, just try to guess,
In fifth grade our goodness we had to profess.

There was carpeting, plastering, and lathing to learn,
That some day by these means our bread we might earn.
You see we now were half way through school,
And realized well time was too short to fool.

Seventh grade came, we thought we were smart,
As we in the choir now could take part;
So practicing and studying our long days filled,
That we might be as our teacher willed.

A memorable event I'm sure you recall,
The sunny afternoon at the auditorium hall;
When diagnostic tests were given the class
To see who was fit into high school to pass.

Wasn't it great to think that we
Now were Freshmen and no longer would be
Only grade school kids who just took up space,
But students who were given an honorable place.

German and Latin, and Biology, too,
Were the subjects the Sophs had to chew,
And hard they were; but I must say
That they a hundred-fold will repay.

This year to importance raised were we
As from the following things you'll see,
We chose our rings, and then just look
Of the banquet we partook.

And now at last, we've reached the end,
But remember, each classmate, be a true friend
To the ones who for us many hardships bore
And prayed God upon us blessings to pour.

Lonely we'll be, but since it's God's will,
We'll have to go on, our mission to fill.
So farewell, dear teachers, and classmates, too,
Our parting has come -- Good-bye to you.

—*Helene Rupprecht.*

Senior Boys' Class History -- St. Marys

DURING the twelve years since we started our ascent up the hill of knowledge, there have been so many obstacles, at times, that we almost gave up the idea of reaching the top. Courage, however, overcame all difficulties and now we have reached the summit. We, the sturdy band of "Crusaders" who at first toiled up Church hill on our way to school, now see before us other hills, steeper and rougher, yet to be climbed.

However, we pause here to look back over our past. We recollect the days of the early fall of 1924 when approximately fifty timid but intelligent looking children marched into a spacious room with rows of desks that looked rather formidable to our eyes. We were told to sit in them. We did so—I do not know whether with a thrill or not. At any rate it was something new. Surprises were not wanting as day succeeded day. Soon we mastered our reading and numerical charts which at first appeared to us as if they were great puzzles. While learning these charts I did not fail to take notice of my surroundings. There on my left was bright, cheerful Andy Wehler trying to make some grotesque drawing when A, B, C's and figures became too monotonous. At an angle from me were John Gregory and Johnny Pistner who

always dug away at their tasks with due energy. A few seats to the front were Earl Andres and Thomas Lenze, a pair whose pass-time between lessons, was discussing the studies of the previous day. Others were there that are not with us, but entered into the picture of the past and helped make the history of the class. Red letter days were, when charts gave way to primers, primers to first readers, and the assurance of promotion for the following year.

How superior we felt as up the stairs we trotted to room two, our new destination. Here to our great surprise we found that a new member had joined our class, namely Art Werner. We liked new members and so of course he was made very welcome. All entered upon this year with true school spirit, determined to make good.

The following term found us quite in trouble for teachers. For a few months we were taught by a Sister who later was transferred and her successor turned out to be a teacher who *ruled* us for some time. This one was soon followed by another, and, if I remember correctly, a fourth took her place. We did not like these changes, but succeeded in climbing another rung in the school ladder.

The fourth and fifth years found us treading the ordinary path of any grade school student. The sixth year found a little surprise for us by the announcement of the taking of a class picture. We were happy to be the proud possessors of such a portrait and to this day a look at one that still survives, brings back to us memories of happy days, as well as, many laughs when we have the opportunity to look up the familiar faces.

The beginning of the seventh year found us in the high school building where Vincent Sorg joined our class. How proud we were to occupy a building with the high school students and to be with them at dismissal. How we longed for the day when we would be able to call ourselves high school students! The new building stimulated our desire for study. We took every chance to examine the building and everything in it: recreation room, the library and so on. We derived much pleasure examining them.

The last step of elementary school life, the eighth grade, was especially marked by having our June examinations in the Sacred Heart Auditorium. The eighth grade boys and girls of both parishes were gathered in the large hall and given their respective places, each at a card table. The examination blanks were then distributed and we began to work. The tests were supervised by our respective teachers and one of the priests. At recess time we were treated to popsicles by the Reverend Pastor. These certainly made us feel better and gave us new energy for the remainder of the test. This method of examination was not much liked by the average student, and this was, I think, one of the contributing causes why it was discontinued. This exam climaxed the elementary school life for the class of '36.

The following year we were high school students, that is, Freshmen. We thought ourselves real men and were sometimes called sophisticated gentlemen. Students from other schools entered and helped to swell our class if not our heads. Great changes were experienced now. Though we had a common home room we could no longer spend the day together as we had done hitherto but were required to make a choice of studies

that constituted the various courses; the academic or classical, the science, the regular, the commercial. Of these, we were told, the first led to the professions such as law, medicine, etc.; the second, to engineering, discovery and inventions along scientific lines; the third, gave a general education along no particular line; and the fourth, prepared for business or office work. This accounts for the dividing of our class into sections and, because of departmental teaching, the students found themselves scattered among the various class rooms during the greater part of the day.

The Freshman year with its changing classes was something new and helped to break the monotony of one room work. We liked this, though of course, we missed the company of our scattered classmates.

The Sophomore year found us transferred to the second story of the building where we occupied a section of the study hall as our home room. This was transformed into class rooms by closing the folding doors which divide the hall. Towards the end of the school term our teacher and the entire Biology class went for a May walk. All enjoyed inspecting a large garden and collecting specimens of all kinds in the woods. This outing, to members of the class, is known as "Field Day."

The Junior year was especially marked by the choosing of our class rings. They were received quite early in the term, in fact, before Thanksgiving. Towards the second semester our English teacher put on a public debate between the members of the class, boys against girls. The final outcome of the contest was rather doubtful. During this term our class also presented a play, "The Mock Trial." It afforded the high school students and seventh and eighth grades much amusement.

The Senior year was now upon us with its final studies. The great election of officers was completed, with honor students acquiring these positions. Then followed the selection of class colors and flowers, together with our class motto. The colors, white and gold, were finally decided upon by a committee consisting of the officers of both rooms. "Darkness Brings Out the Stars" was our choice for the class motto. Finally came the selection of the pennant which was chosen by a unanimous vote. The pennant has the ordinary standard form. In the lower corner is our class ring seal. Beside this on a scroll is the year "1936." Below this, are the initials C. H. S. "St. Marys," in white letters, brush shaded in brown, is in the gold field of the pennant. Now there remains the commencement program, climaxed by each one becoming the happy possessor of a High School Diploma, the final adieus, and the school life of the class of 1936 comes to an end.

—*A Kronenwetter.*

History -- Sacred Heart Boys

THE year 1924 found a class of fifty-four sturdy youngsters assembling in the primary class room of the Sacred Heart School. It did not take them long to feel at home under the kind direction of Sister Scholastica, our teacher for this year

as well as later when we had reached eighth grade. All went well, each one worked earnestly, and at the end of the year all but two were ready for the second grade.

The second and third years passed much like the first except that we kept adding knowledge and experience as time went on. We had one big, happy day however, during the second term. We were permitted to make our First Holy Communion. During these years we often wished that we could go up and down the stairs leading to the second floor, and when occasionally this was permitted we were very happy. It was in the third grade that we began taking part in spelling contests, boys against girls of the same grade. If the visiting class won, an American flag was given them to carry in triumph to their room where it remained until the holders were defeated in a later contest when the new victors took possession.

These years were also marked by a series of fights, fire drills, May day programs and other exercises.

In the fourth grade the class had the experience of having a male teacher. We succeeded in our studies and the year like the previous ones flew swiftly by.

The fourth year came. Imagine, if you can, how proud the class was to be permitted to ascend the stairs and take possession of a second story room. To all, this was a great victory in the climb towards promotion. Not every one passed this grade successfully and we were disappointed to find that our class had become smaller.

The fifth year dragged on rather slowly and, had it not been for an occasional change of teachers, would have seemed very long. After what seemed an eternity, each one of the class was promoted to the sixth grade, not to room "six" however but to number "seven". Grades six and seven now occupied the same room. One of the happy memories of this and the following year is the treat of apples given us twice each week by good Father Herman, our Reverend Pastor. From this time also, we were permitted to use the Auditorium for practice. Confirmation instructions and the reception of this Sacrament making us soldiers of Christ, administered by Most Reverend John Mark Gannon, Bishop of Erie, are among the outstanding events of this year. The time went by swiftly and we got along well, finishing the grade work before the end of the year.

In the fall we entered the seventh grade proper. Time now passed more slowly again, owing perhaps to the fact that part of the seventh grade work had been done in the previous year, and because we occupied the same room for two consecutive years. Anti-toxin was administered to the pupils during this term. As in other years the pupils' teeth were examined and cleaned by a school nurse. Anyone whose teeth were found to be in perfect condition was given a free pass to the theater as a reward.

Annually after the close of school all classes gathered in the Auditorium where after the reports had been distributed prizes were awarded for high standing in class, regular attendance at school, Sunday and week day Masses, and for attending instructions faithfully.

The eighth year was hailed with special enthusiasm, for the students were now permitted to enter the highest classroom and to use top-opening desks. This year

was spent happily and went all too swiftly. A compository test climaxed the year with tests in spelling, grammar and arithmetic. It was the first and last examination ever held in this order. During the test, refreshments were served by kind-hearted Father Herman, much to the satisfaction of the pupils. During it we also had a chance to meet those with whom we should have to contend in high school.

At the end of the year diplomas were awarded to those who had successfully completed the elementary grades and were ready for high school. Ours was the first class that had spent the entire eight years in the new Sacred Heart School building, a distinction of which we were very proud.

September 1932, found us in the Catholic Central High School with students from St. Marys Parochial, and from the various township schools. Everything was new and at first we were rather confused. Where is room so and so? Where do we go next? How can we find the Latin Class? Do you know who our teachers are? etc., etc., were questions heard among these new-comers. No wonder we were called Freshmen. Soon, however, we familiarized ourselves with the building, the routine of classes, of departmental work; and became acquainted with all the students and teachers.

Three terms went by as elsewhere stated and brought us to this our senior year. Soon this, too, will pass as do all things connected with human affairs and involving time.

When at last we leave school our greatest satisfaction will be in the knowledge that everything was done with a right intention, good will and earnest application; but especially from the fact that we were loyal to the Catholic school. We see clearly now how essential a part of education religious training is. Besides, we have convinced ourselves that, although religious studies and practice gave us some extra work over and above what is required elsewhere, we have held our own in those subjects as well, and fear not to compete with other students in all high school branches, plus religion.

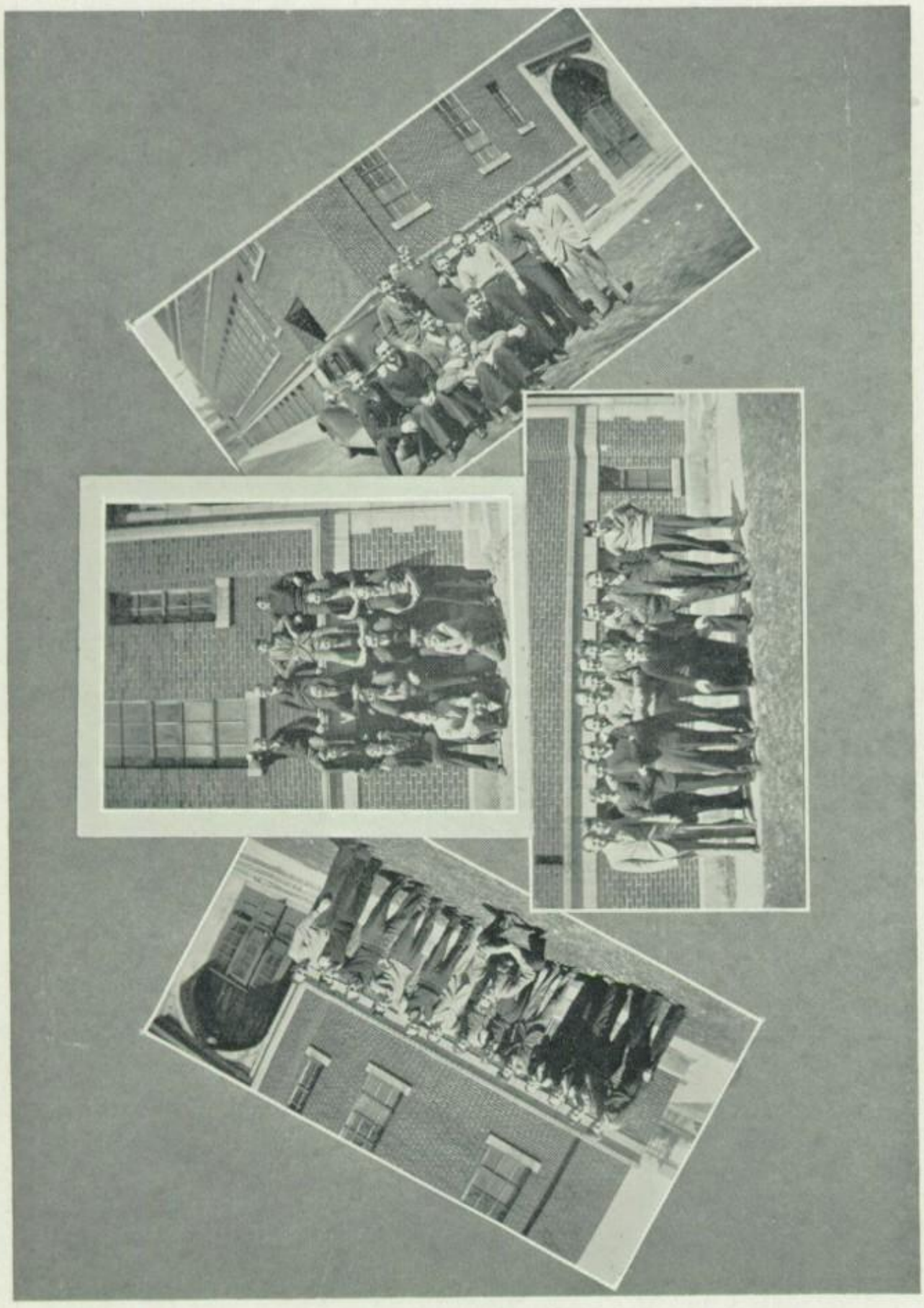
Senior Boys

First comes Arthur, a boy that works hard,
In writing, some day, he'll rank as a bard.

Then comes Learn, a boy full of fun,
But also in studies, he's second to none.

We next meet Pistner, ever quiet and true,
He never says "fail", but always pulls through.

A lad named Brennen would travel a mile,
To awaken one's spirit with his genial smile.



PALS

Kronenwetter now, of basketball fame,
We're placing before you, he'll be great as his name.

Here comes Gregory, he'll teach you to laugh,
But shuns not hard work to help out the staff.

Then comes a boy, named Whity M. Hanes,
He likes, with his inks, to take special pains.

Andy Wehler comes now, a writer of sports,
But can argue a case like a lawyer at courts.

Vincent comes next, ever smiling and bright,
He rivals the sun in broad daylight.

Bill Straub enters now, scarce you know he's here,
His words are but few, yet give comfort and cheer.

Little Lenze now you see, he's the writer of jokes,
But never hurts you, nor fun at you pokes.

Our Earl is a nobleman of the first class,
A business man, too, you'll find hard to surpass.

And now you meet Albert, a peaceful man he,
So try not to quarrel where he's apt to see.

This rhymster likes writing as few ever do,
If you but ask him, he'll have write-ups for you.

—*William Weber.*

Senior Girls

A is for Alice, a student so rare,
B is for Bernie, so blond and so fair,
C is for Catherine, and Clair Marie,
Also for Charlotte, one of the three.
D is for Dorothy, and Dolores, too,
E is for Evelyn, but "Ev" to you,
G is for Ginnie, the bashful one,
H is for Helen, and Helene full of fun.
I is for Iona, with the great big eyes,
L is for Loretta, who is so wise.
M is for the Maries, I can't count them, see!
And also for Millie, Martha, and Marie.
R is for the Ritas, the three, I mean,
And also for Rosie who's always so clean.

S is for Staffie, who talks a good bit,
V is for Veronica, so full of wit,
Z is for Zita, in stature so small,
Now I have mentioned each one and all.

—*Staffie Shuster.*

Class Prophecy

ONE sunny day in 1946 I was busily unpacking a new set of books that had arrived to fill an empty shelf in my library. My gaze rested fondly on one particular volume, "Sunset Lane", because that certain story symbolized my success in the world of literature.

Dreamily, I surveyed the happenings of the past ten years. What happiness they brought me! I was now a librarian doing work that I loved, and had attained a small measure of fame by my stories. Had fate dealt so kindly with my school-chums of former years?

Just at that moment my friend, Bernardine Grotzinger, came into the room. Bernardine was quite a successful teacher though this was only her third term of actual classwork. She had passed through State College with flying colors and had spent some time in research work before being assigned to the position of English teacher in one of the leading high schools.

"Say, Rita," she said. "Have you seen this?" Speaking thus, she held up a newspaper whose headlines proclaimed, "Nurse Risks Life to Save Dying Man." My eye skimmed through the paragraphs, but it caught and held the name of the nurse—Dorothy Ambuske! "It isn't really our Dorothy, is it? Oh, do you know where the rest of our classmates are?"

"Yes, it is really our Dorothy. She is head nurse at the Philadelphia hospital. I saw her picture in another paper today. But, Rita, do you ever read the editorials of Marie Penny in this paper?" "I should say I do. I think they have such a sensible view point. There is no clash, blare or modernism about them. They're straight from the heart. I would like to meet the lady who writes them."

"You have! Hundreds of times! I learned today that Marie Penny is no other than our old friend, Virginia Cotter." To think I've been reading her articles without seeing her humor in them! "But I think I'll be leaving. I've given you enough surprises for one day."

Left alone, I pondered deeply. Bernardine, Dorothy, Virginia and I had gained our goals. What about the rest? Suddenly I was seized with a wild longing to see them all. A resolution formed in my mind. I would start on my vacation tomorrow and go to New York City. Surely in that great metropolis I would find some of my classmates.

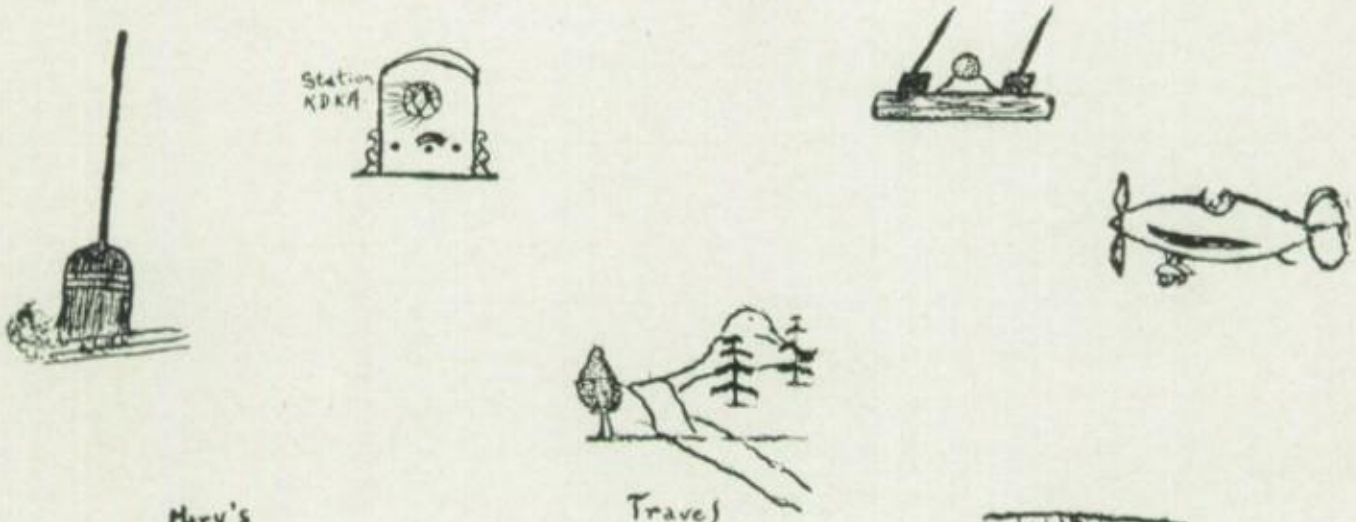
So, having arranged all my business, the next morning found me walking to the airport. Leisurely strolling along the pleasant avenue, I saw a familiar figure. Could it be, was it possible that this was Mary Leithner? While I was debating the matter she came running toward me "Why, hello, Rita. I haven't seen you for ages. Where are you going? I'm going to New York." Having settled that matter, I questioned Mary about her employment. She told me she was the stenographer of the vice-president of the Peter's Linoleum Company. Her employer had sent her to New York to get some valuable data.

Soon we came to the plane, "The Blue Falcon." We entered and a sweet voice behind us questioned, "Can I help you with anything?" We turned and rubbed our eyes. Surely this white uniformed individual could not be the Helen Geeck of our memory. But it was! She was soon telling us how she came to be a passenger plane hostess. We stood there talking for some time until Helen recalling her duties, left us with the promise of seeing us soon.

We settled ourselves for a long ride on the soft cushioned seats of the "Blue Falcon." In a short time the pilot started the motor, the plane ran along the ground and soon we were soaring through the heavens. During the course of the trip, we met Staffie Shuster who nearly shocked us by stating that she had become a successful milliner. We had never dreamed of such a career for her, but she seemed happy and contented in her chosen work. She also gave us information about Mary Rose Minnick. As she said, Mary Rose was a Domestic Science Expert and was in her element among pots and pans. Imagine our astonishment, when we learned we had listened to Mary Rose's cooking hints over the radio.

But the plane was now nearing New York and we parted sadly bidding Staffie farewell. Mary and I made our way to her destination, a skyscraper office building. When we arrived there Mary received her information at once. The executive then began to speak to us in a friendly manner. "I employed a jewel of an auditor and a remarkable typist last month," he said confidentially. "They've got my office running on oiled wheels. I don't suppose you are interested but their names are Loretta Hagan and Rose Solic." Interested! Of course we were! We met Loretta and Rose and again made arrangements to meet that evening. We did meet and walked along beautiful Broadway till we came to the Bijou Theatre where bright lights flashed the message that a promising young dramatic actress, Rita Herzing, was playing. We certainly enjoyed that play and congratulated Rita on her success.

The next day I left for Pittsburgh. Just upon arriving there, I was witness of an auto accident. Two men, slightly wounded, were taken to the hospital. It was there I met Catherine Wilhelm, Zita Woods and Alice Wortman—full-fledged nurses now. I was impressed by their earnestness and content, and, of course, by their starched uniforms. Zita sent me to the corner pharmacy to get some necessary articles. As I entered I said to myself, "The Pharmacist's Dream," for everything was so neat and shining. But I was surely surprised when I saw Veronica Fritz behind the counter. Veronica was the owner of this pharmacy and made a comfortable living. We spoke for some time and she informed me that Charlotte Heinkel, another of the Class of '36,


Station KDKA
Travel
Mary's Beauty Shoppe
Dramatist makes first appearance

WHO'S WHO?

Wait Staffic's Hat Shoppe
Rita's Dress Shoppe
Secretary
Editorials by V. Cutter

was employed as radio technician at Radio Station KDKA. I was certainly happy to hear that, for being a radio technician had been Charlotte's aim in life.

The next morning, bright and early, I started for St. Marys, my old home town. The journey was pleasant but uneventful, and I experienced a feeling of content when I beheld the church spires, the schools, factories, homes and tree-lined streets of peaceful St. Marys, now an enterprising young city of 10,000 inhabitants.

Feeling rather hungry after my long ride, I searched for a restaurant. After I walked about ten feet, I saw a huge sign announcing, "Dine at the Casine. We specialize in the best." That sounds promising, was my mental comment as I stepped into the large, cheery room, with all its furnishings spotless and bright. I seated myself at a small table near the window and one of the white-capped waitresses took my order.

When I had leisurely completed my meal, the manager came toward me, and I recognized Marie Clonan! We indulged in a friendly chat during which Marie happened to mention Martha Olson. Martha was now the secretary of the mayor and one of his advisors and was well-liked in social circles.

That evening, I was tramping around in my loved native woods, when I came upon a sight I shall never forget. There, beside the ruddy light of a cozy campfire sat Mildred Braun, surrounded by a group of eager, interested, little Girl Scouts. She was initiating them into the mysteries of knots, square knots, sheep-shanks, all kinds of knots. As I stood there watching, concealed by a clump of bushes, I saw two other shadowy figures emerge from the darkness. They were Dolores Mullaney and Helene Rupprecht! I soon learned that Mildred was a Girl Scout Captain, Dolores, a famous poet, and Helene, a naturalist. Stepping from my place of concealment, I joined the happy group. Before we separated, I had made arrangements to go to Chicago with Dolores the next day.

We started for Chicago early in the morning, but when we were within about five miles of Cleveland, our car refused to go any farther. We walked about a half-mile and then came to a small, cozy, white house. A woman, singing gaily, was industriously sweeping the steps. We walked up to her timidly and recognized Mary Weber, queen of a realm of her own! She welcomed us into her home and laughingly presented to us her visitor—Rita Jacob. Rita informed us that she was the owner of a fashionable dress shop in Richmond, Virginia. Tiring of the heat there, she had stolen away to pay Mary a visit.

As Rita had a car, she offered to take us to Chicago. Having made arrangements to have our automobile taken care of, we proceeded on our way. After some hours we arrived at our destination, tired and travel-stained. What a welcome sight was the sign, "The Nona-May Beauty Shop!" We entered; and what a scene was presented to our eyes! Deft, little maids wound their fingers through gleaming tresses—auburn, gold, brunette and raven. Still other operators were busy with creams and lotions. In the midst of all this elegance stood the proprietors—Iona Gausman and Mary Andres.

W

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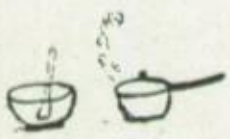
Naturalist



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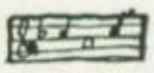


In this great metropolis, we also found Dolores Dieteman and Clair Marie O'Hern. They had come from Hollywood on a vacation from their regular work of teaching juvenile stars tap dancing. Dolores did the actual teaching, but Clair played all the accompaniments. It was their splendid training that had made little Curly Carter such a success.

On our way home, we met Evelyn Haberberger who had surprised us all by becoming a Benedictine nun. Her old humor and fun provoking laugh still had that irresistible quality; we rather suspected she made life merry for her Sister nuns. Perhaps the Superior herself was at a loss what to do without her. But Evelyn, bless her, was one of the most contented of us all.

So had God blessed our class of '36 and showered His graces upon us. How steadily His hand had woven the cloth of our life and made it a harmonious whole!

—*Rita Krellner.*

Remember

S-chool is a word some dread to hear,
T-ogether with study we see so near.

M-any do by the wayside fall,
A-nd never return to school at all.
R-ather than study and conform to rules,
Y-ou see them leaving the loyal schools,
S-aying their bread they must earn with tools.

C-ould we only our true aid give,
A-nd our friends enable to live,
T-ill through the school with credits they passed,
H-olding as proof their diploma at last.
O-h how grateful we all then should feel,
L-ooking with trust, meeting woe or weel.
I -n hope, education makes burdens more light,
C-oming to aid us, solve problems aright.

H-owever, religion must e'er be our staff,
I -f always the Tempter to scorn we would laugh,
G-rowing in virtue as the years go by,
H-appiness, hereafter, to enjoy on high.

—*Alphonse Kronenwetter.*

Senior Class

S is for the sunshine sweet we wish to spread.
E is for the energy to earn our daily bread.
N is for the famous name we'd love to win.
I is for ideals of good in a world of sin.
O is for our object—a life of bliss above.
R is for the rays of grace, coming from God's love.

C is for the cares we have, we must confess.
L is for the loyalty, we owe to C. H. S.
A is for ambition we dare not omit.
S is for strength, combined with grit.
S is for success that we gain by wit.

—*Mary Weber.*

Boys' Class Prophecy

IT was the year 1987—I had just retired from business after having accumulated an extensive fortune—that I decided to hold a banquet at which my old school-mates were to be guests of honor.

After a few months of continuous search I succeeded in locating all but Wilfred Hanes who was heading a Scientific Expedition in the mountainous regions of the Province of Tibet. After a few radio-grams I had engaged a sturdy runner to carry my message over a twenty-eight day trail, to Professor Hanes who gladly accepted the invitation, expressing his pleasure to attend, in no uncertain terms, as it afforded him a deviation from his arduous research, and gave him, besides, the joy of again meeting his old pals. And weren't we all glad?

After a few months of waiting for the boys—all had to make long trips as they were spread over the whole face of the earth—my patience was rewarded by the arrival of each member of the class of 1936. After the banquet I called upon Arthur Werner to give us his history since the days when we had been at school together. He assured us that it had been hard going when still a small town banker until he arrived at Wall Street. His modesty refrained from telling us it was his ingenuity and business tact that placed him there, where he was soon recognized as the shrewdest but withal most honest stock broker of the time. At this writing, however, he has retired and takes great pleasure raising ponies for Polo in which game he takes an exciting interest.

Tom Learn told us with his usual dry humor that radio had been very good to him. I knew that, as I hadn't missed one of his broadcasts in years. He had retired from stage and screen but was still hailed as the leading humorist, ranking far ahead of

many of those we had listened to during our high school days. In popularity and achievement he was a second Bill Rogers.

Our next introduction was interrupted by the whine of police sirens. A minute later Governor Wehler stepped into our midst and he gave us a very pleasant talk. While he did not say so, we gathered from various incidents related by him that his political success was chiefly due to the earnest efforts made in befriending humanity and striving to pass such laws only as were beneficial to the people.

With special pleasure we next gave the floor to little Vincent Sorg. All remembered him as a fair sized lad not much smaller than we found him now. When I say, small, I am by no means including his mental capacity. He had chosen a peculiar profession, "Head of the United States Secret Service Department." His daring roles and exploits are beyond comparison and are registered deep in the hearts of many grateful citizens.

With a cheer all greeted our favorite musician, William Straub. His beautiful compositions have reached world wide fame and his Cantatas have stirred the hearts of every lover of music. He declared, his success was due to the hearty co-operation and encouragement of his former classmates. Nothing would do but he had to play one of his famous marches for us. This ushered in William Weber, the iron king of the age! His iron will to make possible what seemed impossible made even this strong metal yield to him. The recognition of his achievements and inventions is world-wide.

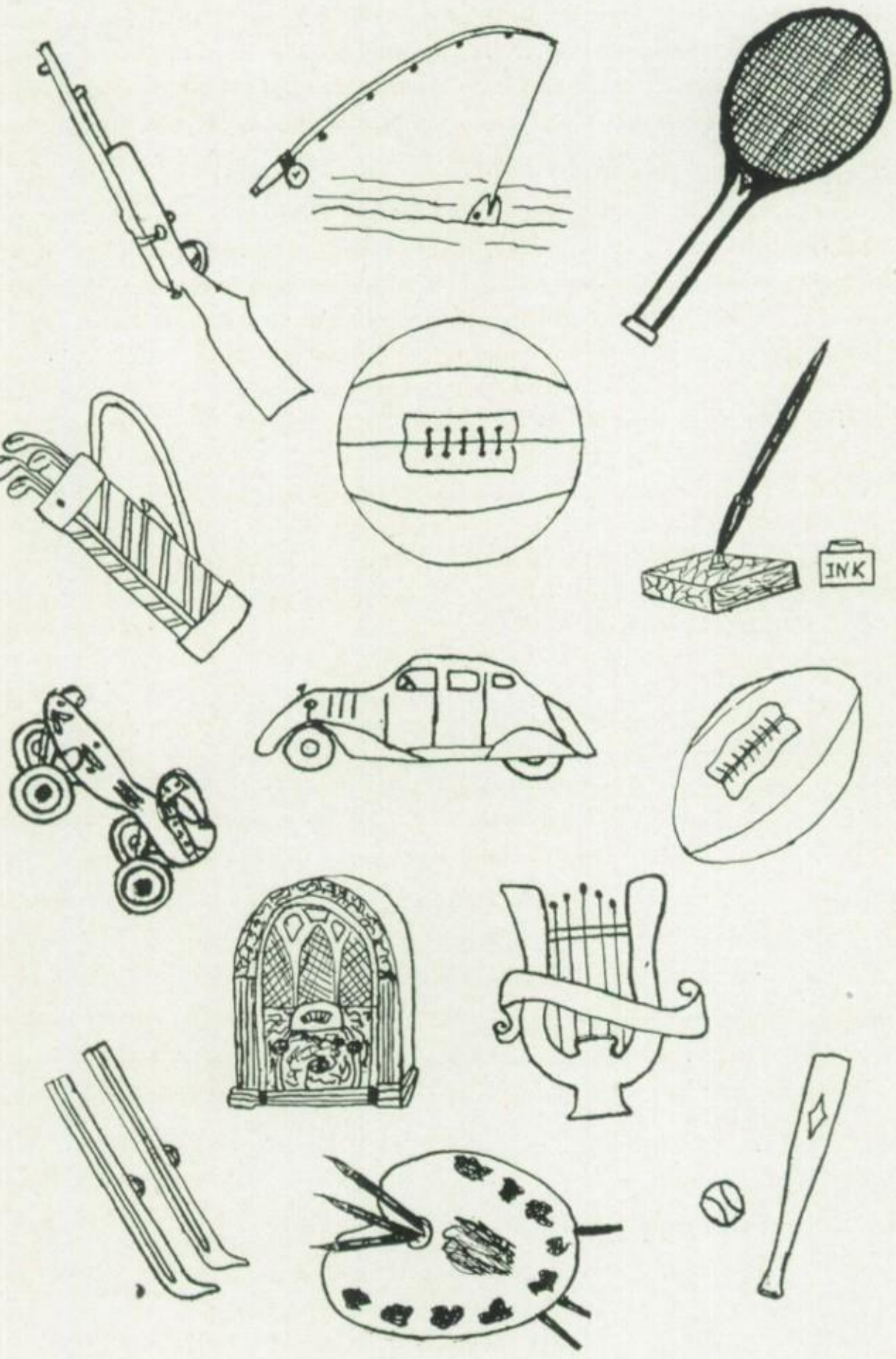
In his genial manner he presented Albert Zwack whose present standing is chief executive of the Fish and Game Department. His present distribution of fish has enabled every angler to enjoy a limited catch each day of the season. His game regulations keep hunters in their own state since neighboring states are required to contribute a definite supply of their surplus to bordering states, if these are unable to raise sufficient game to provide sport for their hunters.

Tommy Lenze had returned from Paris where he had gone after Hollywood no longer commanded a prominent place in the newspapers. Tommy had written with such success that Europe and America vied with each other for products of his pen. His editorials had several times swayed the opinions of law makers and rulers.

Earl Andres took the floor with a salaam. Years as American Ambassador among Orientals had fixed the habit. He was a big man in the East and his political career had been one series of successes. The President looked to him for advice in more than one trying problem and Earl has now accepted a responsible position in Washington.

Next we were to meet the genial smile of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Brennen, whose great work in the South Sea colonies has certainly not been over-estimated in our papers. His remarkable patience during the epidemic has established his name in the History of this country. At present he has charge of the magnificent cathedral erected by his many converted followers. Since the founding of his new Shrine numerous miracles have been worked through the intercession of a recently canonized South Sea islander.

HOBBIES



Who's Who?

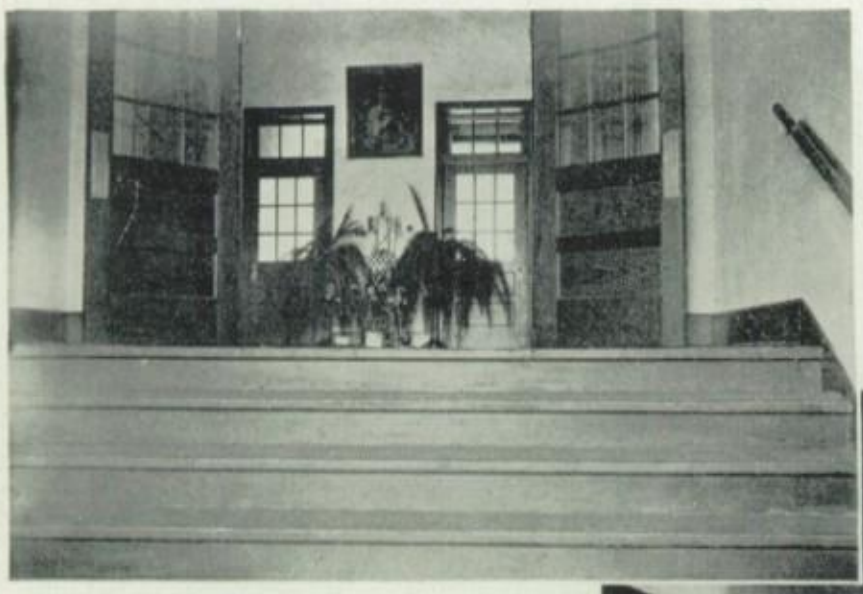
Next Alphonse Kronenwetter's heroic deeds were summed up. I think no one will forget his first flight to Mars in Professor Gregory's space ship, "The Sea Weed." His absence was over a period of three years when one bright afternoon a shining craft landed in one of our neighboring fields. Almost simultaneously the grinning face of Konny peered out of one of the hatches. He told us that he had ruined John's space ship when he had landed on Mars and was taken prisoner. After many months of almost futile waiting, an opportunity presented itself and he escaped in a space ship, made in one of the Mars factories. John immediately studied the mechanism of this craft, and after applying his ingenuity produced the "Wonder Craft" that is now becoming so popular.

John Gregory's great success in the field of science has filled his mind with desires to still further develop traveling devices. The "Sea Weed" and the "Wonder Craft" completed, he immediately set about experimenting for new inventions. His success was phenomenal. At present his rockets are limited to flights within the compass of our nearest planets only. For these Bill Weber gave him a durable steel and John developed his rocket motors so perfectly that he could hold them within an average ranging from seventy to approximately three thousand miles an hour, which rate of speed at present is impossible to decide since Kronenwetter lost all records of time after landing on Mars. John Gregory now owns most of the stock in his company, the rest being owned by Alphonse Kronenwetter. Under John's ingenuity the company is still making incalculable progress. Between him and Alphonse the world will get many more startling surprises. Both meet with little competition since they have patented most of the new devices.

Last but not least came Professor Hanes who, though having just returned from Tibet, was already planning to accompany Alphonse on the next trip to Mars. His aim is to aid Science by examining and reporting on the condition and properties of climate, vegetation and mineral deposits on that planet. Wilfred on his last expedition paved the way for further research and exploration among the Hymalayas and, that during his projected trip, his work may continue uninterrupted, he has surrendered his charts to the Government so that other scientists may be appointed to work in this region.

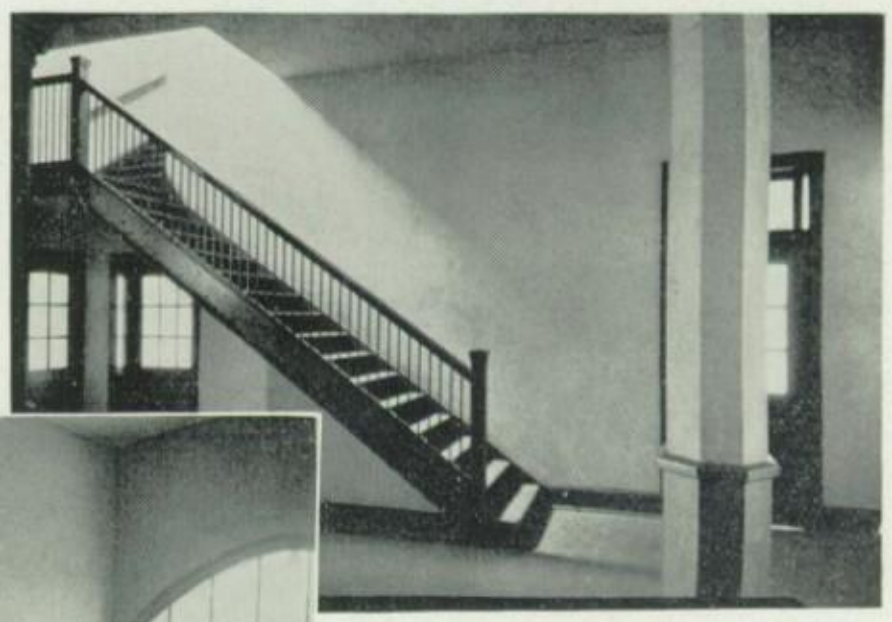
With a little persuasion on the part of the whole class, I finally consented to pay a visit to every one, wherever his place of employment. This, of course, meant a trip around the world for me. When asked by Hanes, however, to join in the flight beyond the earth I refused. Do you blame me?

—John Pistner.

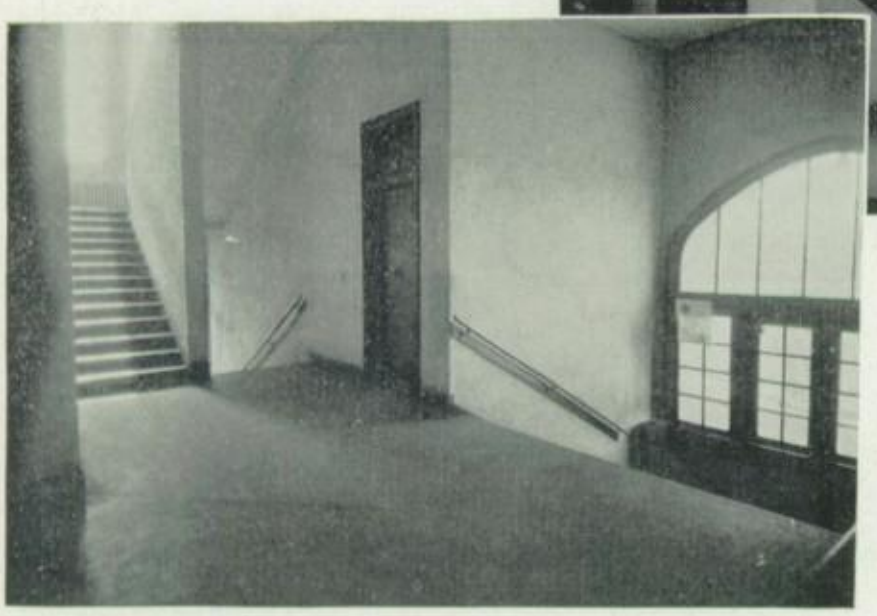


Main Entrance and Corridor

Corridor, Second Floor, Showing Clothes Presses, and Doorways to Classrooms



Stairway to Laboratory, Third Floor, and Entrance to Library, Second Floor



North Entrance to Stairways

Crusaders

Ever Onward, Christian Soldiers,
  Onward, class of six and thirty,
Let no sin upset your travels,
  Fight temptation, you Crusaders.

If the devil should waylay you,
  Fight him as you fought no other.
If his strength is too great for you,
  Flee, but offer no surrender.

He has ways unholy, shameful,
  To lead you into shameful sin,
So that some day he may claim you,
  Flee you, flee you, flee from him.

Onward go, look not behind you.
  Remember, sin in shadow lies,
Past forget, remember present,
  Future and eternal prize.

Twelve long years we now have struggled
  On the path true students tread,
Hearing always—always hearing:
  Onward, Soldiers, where Christ lead.

—*J. Andrew Wehler.*

Ave!

All hail Alma Mater,
  Dear C. H. S.
When gone from your classrooms,
  Shall we think of you less?

May your merits increase,
  Hail C. H. S.
We'll never forget you,
  But remember and bless.

—*W. Weber.*

Reminiscences

Our School days are over,
How time has flown by!
These years have been happy,
There's none will deny.

Unexcelled joy was ours,
Our quarrels were few;
Our friendships were lasting,
Sincere, each, and true.

These years we'll remember,
Because each one prepared,
For work in the future,
And life's problems have bared.

Our minds, while reviewing
All the hours now spent,
Anxious, ask of the future:
How life's lessons will end.

—*Thomas Learn.*

Farewell

'Twas twelve years, in September,
That I first went to school
As long as I remember,
I always kept the rule.

The school we soon must leave,
And teachers faithful, true;
Our destinies to weave,
As future times we view.

Farewell, ye Sisters, noble;
Farewell, our much loved school.

—*Charles Brennen.*

EDITORIALS

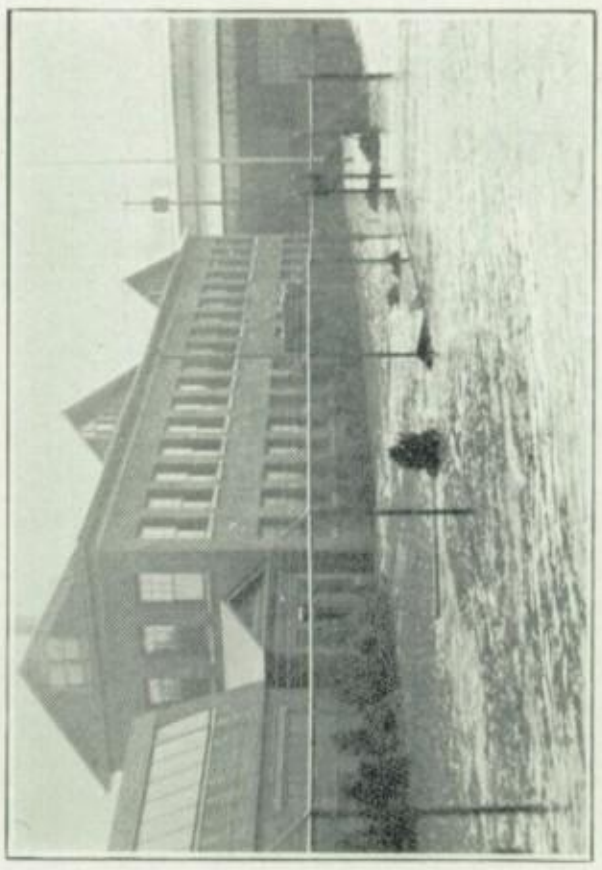
Vocation

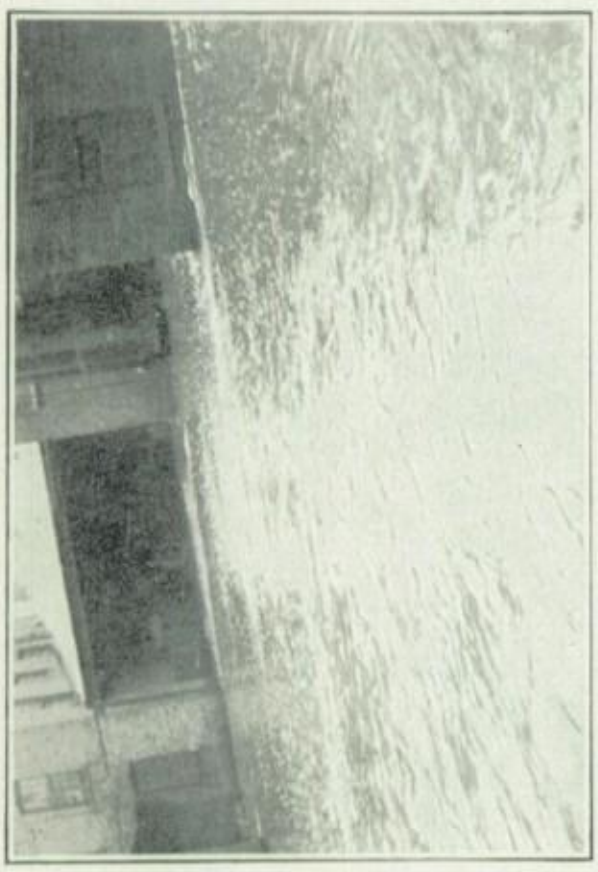
ONE of the most awe inspiring sensations in man's life comes when he feels a call to the Holy Priesthood. Happiness depends on his harkening to the call of his conscience, the Voice of God. What rapturous joy fills the soul of the young man when after having obeyed the call to follow his Divine Master in the most sacred and sublime vocation in life he holds in his anointed hands the sacred Host made flesh by the awful words of consecration spoken for the first time by him. The sacred priesthood is the one and only sublime vocation. A glorious young life is modeled upon Christ in preparation for the indelible character, which singles him out among men that he might bring grace and peace and joy to the souls redeemed by the blood of our Savior.

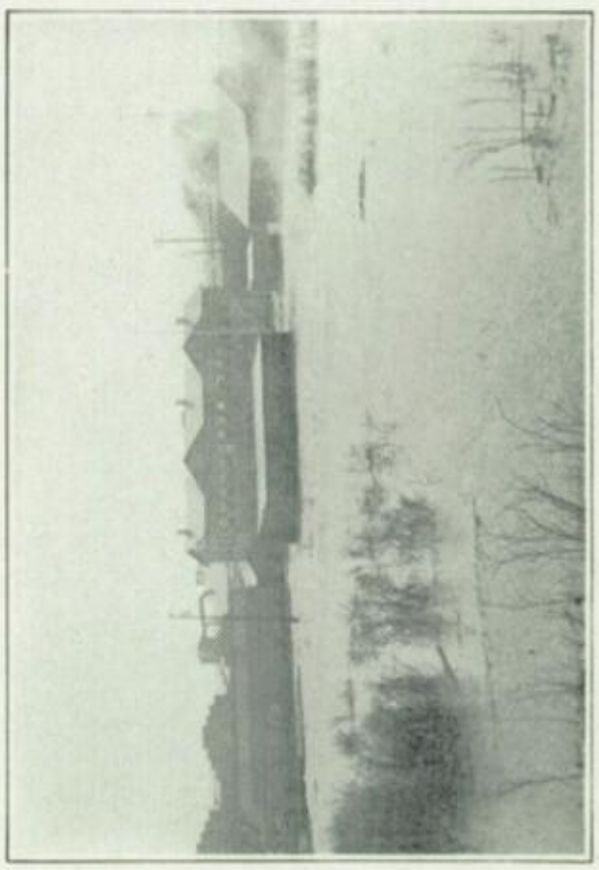
—*Arthur Werner.*

Education Should Do More Than Train the Mind

WE all know that education trains the mind, but what will be a help to build the child's character? Proper education does, for it should teach us to lead God-fearing lives and avoid evil habits and companions. It should also be a means for







FLOOD SCENES
St. Marys, Pa., 1936.

earning our daily bread. In the world of industry, especially, it is absolutely necessary to have an education if one wishes to hold any kind of a paying position. Education should also enable the young man properly to choose life's work and then to focus all his attention and energy in making this very important choice a success.

—*Arthur Werner.*

Nature -- the Healer

HAVE you ever felt lonely and depressed, disgusted and disheartened? If so, you thought the whole world was plotting to make life miserable for you. You knew not where to turn for the burdens seemed so heavy. Even your best friends didn't understand. All the joy, the zest, the eagerness faded from your life.

Now perhaps you can understand what I mean when I say Nature is the best healer. Have you not felt your burden grow less crushing as you gazed at the smiling blue skies above and saw the radiant token of the Redeemer's love? Suddenly you knew there was an end, a purpose for all these petty griefs of yours; they were not yours alone. All time shared them. You realized that you were not all-important, all-sufficient, but that you were but a small thread in the pattern of the universe. Your life was yours to live, either to make the world a bit brighter or a bit gloomier by your existence. Life—life alone was an inestimable gift. God had seen fit to bestow upon you the vital power of loving, dreaming, working, sacrificing, ennobling! Sorrows and trials made firmer your will, brought you closer to God. What mattered your trifling heartaches in such a noble scheme?

All hearts experience at times a moment of sheer breathlessness, a feeling that that moment will influence their whole lives. Perhaps you can recall many of these. You may have been alone in a forest, when, in a solemn second, the whispering of the leaves seemed to speak to your soul. Or your mind may have been stirred by a sudden flash of color as a bird flew swiftly by. Or in the Mass, just before the Consecration, your senses seemed to have realized the miracle about to take place.

Oh sad soul, burdened heart, seek God and nature if you would have sweet relief. In the trees, the flowers, the birds and bees you will find a sweet solace in those times you must simply be alone.

Have you ever wandered through the woods, admiring the tall trees and the flowering shrubs, and suddenly emerged into a favored spot, guarded by tall pines and hemlocks, and abounding in dainty wild flowers? If you have, you know what a feeling of contentment stole over you as you listened to the joyous songs of the birds,

the steady drone of the bees and the lapping of the brook. Or have you ever watched the setting sun tint the sky with rose and gold and silver, and then slowly sink out of sight, leaving as a reminder a shaft of purple across the horizon? Or have you ever walked about at night under the canopy of the stars, and listened to the voices of the night? Did not God seem close then?

In all these things, anguished hearts, you will find comfort and joy—pure, sweet, elevating joy—and a lasting happiness. For God speaks to us in His creation and His voice is always balm.

—*Rita Krellner.*

The Importance of Time

IT is a heavy wallet that Father Time carries, containing the endless moments of Eternity. One at a time these moments are given to us, still, it is hard to understand what a moment means, what a treasure house of opportunity, of unlimited possibilities are contained in it.

Certain turtles live five and six hundred years, but not one ever lived in reality as long as Napoleon lived in one second, when his mind saw and formulated a maneuver that would win a battle; or as long as Newton lived in the second in which his mind asked why the apple fell from the tree.

The most important thing in all life is an idea, and an idea is born in a second.

Time is just. To every human being it brings the same number of days, hours, minutes, and seconds. How beneficial the latter will be to ourselves and others depends on their use.

Goethe says: "Be always resolute with the present hour. Every moment is of infinite value, for it is the representative of Eternity." Napoleon remarked to his boys at school: "My lads, every moment of lost time is a chance of future misfortune." Frederick the Great said: "Time is the only treasure of which it is proper to be avaricious."

"Make use of time, if thou valuest Eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled: tomorrow cannot be assured; today only is thine, which if thou procrastinatest, thou losest; which, lost, is lost forever."

—*Charles Brennen.*

How To Be Successful

We may strive all men to please,
But will never be at ease;
Till our duties we will face,
By no wrong our name disgrace.

Tho' all our life be full of care,
No cross so great we cannot bear.
Each trial borne by us, is gain;
By victories won, we learn to reign.

The greatest battles man has won,
Were fought with passions all his own.
Such victories won are always fair;
Such warfare angels with us share.

And while we war 'gainst wrong and sin,
We, also, earthly friendship win,
For men still rally 'round the strong,
To do the right and fight the wrong.

—*John Pistner.*

Success

THERE is a goal in life which we all aim to reach—that is to climb the ladder of fame, and perch on the topmost rung of the ladder of Success. If we read the lives and experiences of successful men we will find that they followed no royal road to their destination, but rather journeyed over a weary and toilsome path. These famous men did not discontinue when they met with difficulties, trials and sorrows, but they looked to their Creator, sought His aid, and plodded on through thorns and briars.

Striving for the attainment of success has a considerable influence on every day life, both in the business world and in school life. To be a successful business man—personality, character, good manners including courtesy and tact in dealing with customers, kindness and affability with employees are prerequisites. In school life, a student must be ambitious, obedient, kind and courteous. With these qualities he makes life pleasant for his teachers and his classmates. He reaches his goal by doing the best possible under all circumstances.

For the acquisition of our goal we must climb a ladder—very difficult of ascent. Ambition starts one on the upward mounting. With our ambition in mind we begin

Success
Confidence
Hope
Wisdom
Courage
Labor
Despair
Trials
Difficulty
Ambition

our toilsome journey. The first rung does not detain us but permits us to continue. Our next foe that we encounter is difficulty. After battling and struggling with this enemy we succeed in climbing to the third rung. Here trials, bitter and cruel, almost unbearable, meet us and when we are on the verge of despair—prayer and trust in God urges us onward. Courage almost assures us that we are bound to be successful. Then we meet sorrow which now seems to be leading to a downfall instead of a desired ambition. After days, months and perhaps even years, we conquer by the aid of wisdom and confidence.

With the help of these virtues we reach our goal—Heaven, the place of everlasting happiness and glory. Life on earth is merely a preparation for eternal life. Nothing on this earth can satisfy the heart of man, for St. Augustine tells us: "My heart was made for Thee, O God, and it can never rest until it rests in Thee."

—*Bernardine Grotzinger.*

Stand By To Help

I WANT to remind you that annually during the month of April, all over our land, the "Be Kind to Animals" is being brought home to us. Of course this doesn't mean that April is the only month in which we need to be thoughtful for wild creatures and pets. It is a reminder, however, in case we should have grown careless or forgetful in the treatment of our dumb friends.

I know that a great many of you have kept feeding stations going throughout the winter and that it has brought you unexpected pleasure to have helped in saving the lives of countless birds when their natural food was buried beneath the snow. Now that spring is just around the corner, the feeding problem for all animals is lessened. But there are plenty of other ways in which you can show your friendship toward wild creatures. Here are a few: Never rob birds' nests; don't keep wild animals in captivity—it is to them what being in prison would be to you; when you find an animal or bird in distress, do your best to relieve it. The main thing is, cultivate a friendly feeling toward all dumb creatures, both domestic and wild.

—*Arthur Werner.*

Charles Dickens' Writings

DICKENS' works are an incomparable pageant of drama and pathos, comedy and thrills, a thousand nights of endless entertainment, a lifelong companionship of the greatest characters fiction has ever known. Ours! To read. To treasure.

They are a library in themselves, containing all the enthralling novels and stories which have gripped the minds and stirred the hearts of millions. Books so rich in their humanity, so broad in their appeal, so powerful in their character delineation, that they are more popular today, more widely read than ever.

They are a treasure beyond price, because Dickens wrote not merely for his own time but for today, tomorrow and for all time. Dickens wrote not for a single nation but for all humanity; not for one generation but for all future generations.

—*Arthur Werner.*

Some Characteristics of a Business Girl

THE girl in demand in the business office must possess many desirable traits. Before she can consider herself qualified she must have skill, and in addition, the traits of character which make skill worth while.

Responsibility, or better still, dependability, is a trait much sought after in an office employee. Everyone cares for somebody who can be depended upon. The business man likes to see his bookkeeper or secretary at her desk on time in the morning, and even after closing hours, should some additional work arise to lay claim to her services.

Courtesy has a charm all its own. It is that quality which distinguishes a girl and makes her successful. The courteous girl is thoughtful of all with whom she comes in contact and makes life run more smoothly for those with whom she is associated.

The faithful girl is deeply concerned in all that promotes her employer's interests. She recognizes in her employer a superior who has the right to give orders which she must obey promptly and execute to the best of her ability. Being paid for her time she considers it a violation of honesty if any time whatsoever is wasted.

She has definite ideas of what she does or does not want to do, and knowing what is to be done, she proceeds to do it. She never says, "It can't be done."

She avoids the extreme in dress, selecting for her wearing apparel only the clothes that are appropriate to a business office. She is aware that she can work better, is more cheerful, and that both she and her employers are pleased if she is dressed in harmony with her surroundings.

She keeps her voice under control, knowing that a calm, quiet, firm, low-toned voice and deliberate utterance can control practically any situation.

She is modest in speech, in manner, in dress, in action, and reflects credit upon herself and her employer by not making herself conspicuous in public places. No matter how much courage it calls for, she follows the straight white way of honor.

The prized girl follows the dictates of her conscience and strives more and more to put into practice the teachings of her Christian home and school. By thus ennobling the lives of those about her, it can also be said of her as Goethe so truly declared, "The Ever-Womanly leads men up higher."

Arbitration and War

THERE have been many events lately which point to the fact that eventually arbitration will settle all disputes, thus doing away with War. After the bloodiest conflict in the history of the world, the Central Powers and the Allies in the Peace Conference at Paris, drew up the Covenant of the League of Nations. This League of Nations practically controls the welfare of the countries and it is her fault that England isn't now engaged in the Italian-Ethiopian War. The boycotting of warring nations is likewise a warning to other nations when they wish to engage in deadly strife. Countries have now come to the realization that arbitration is the best means of settling disputes and are using it to much advantage. Only a country that wishes to rule the world will refuse this means of settlement, and the nations now see this. Nothing more than a majority is now necessary to enforce settlements of disputes by arbitration. Should arbitration be adopted universally, the world will find itself living in peace.

—*Arthur Werner.*

Our Aim

THE CLASS OF 1936 has aimed at making our school great, not by their own achievements in the four years of High School, but rather by word and example to urge those that follow, ever to aim higher so as to make our school not one of the best, but the "Best School" of its size in the country.

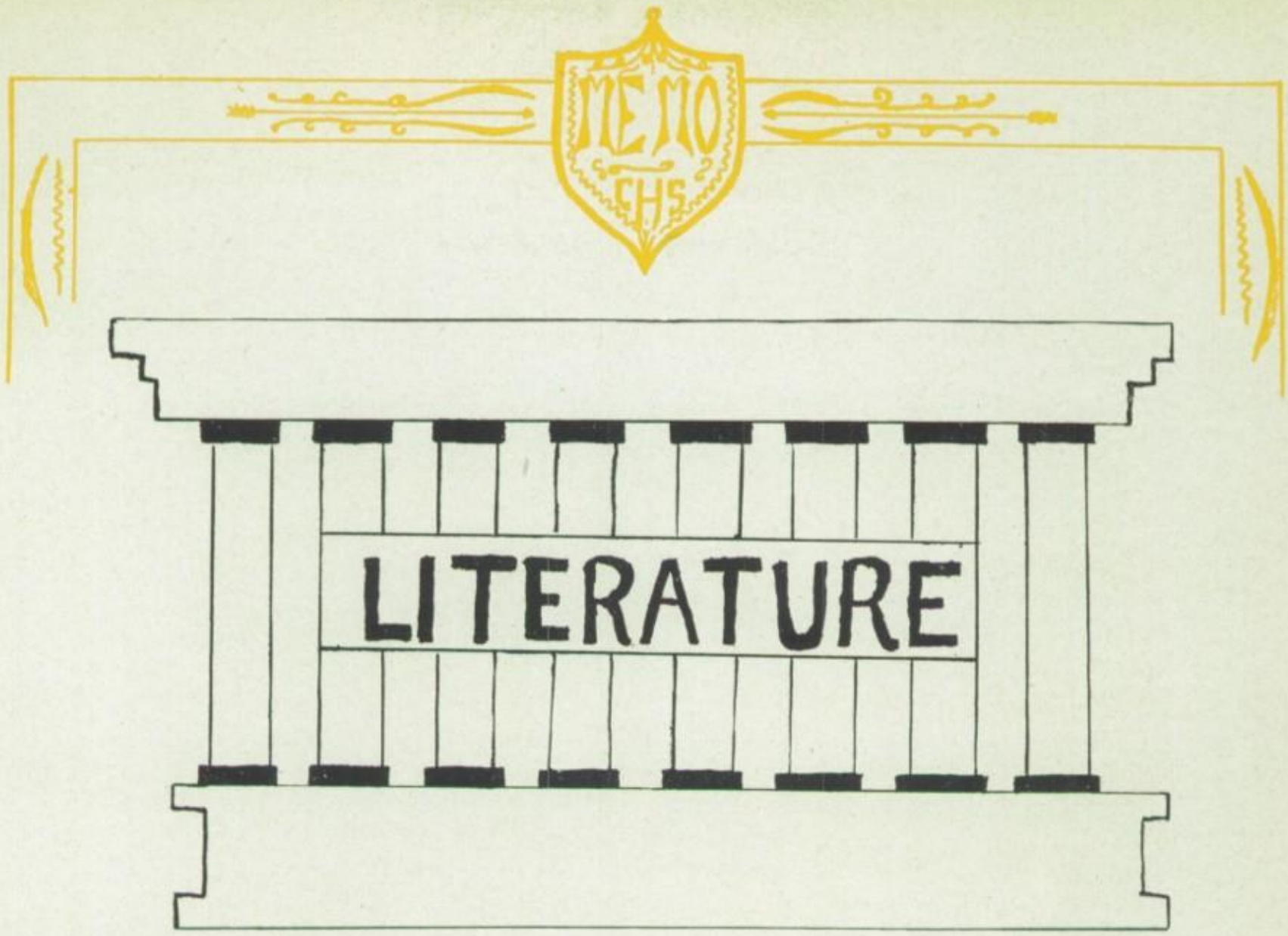
Our desire to make it so is that everyone who has an opportunity to attend will come, not only because he thinks it is the right thing to do, or because it is a duty, but also because he knows it is the best school available.

It is our aim, and we want it to be the aim of future classes, to make our school so good that boys and girls from all around will try to gain admittance.

Our School is fully accredited, both at Harrisburg and with the Educational Association of the Middle States and Maryland, and its many well-taught subjects should incite students to be anxious to make it their Alma Mater.

—*William Straub.*

St. Marys Catholic High School Library



A Prayer To the Sacred Heart

Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus,
  On bended knees I pray
That Thou may'st watch and keep me,
  So I may never stray.

In every trial and sorrow,
  To Thee for help I'll turn,
And ever in my lowly heart,
  My love for Thee will burn.

—*Dolores Dieteman.*

The Doctor's Verdict

JEAN HARLOWE realized in what a serious condition her mother was. She knew that her five little sisters needed their dear mother's care. She had begged our dearest Lord and pleaded that she might find some definite verdict.

Jean had taken all responsibility upon herself since her mother's illness. With the aid of the three girls she managed very well, but the two small girls—*they* needed a mother's care, a mother's love. Often, they would come to Jean and ask, "Isn't mammy ever going to get out of bed?" Poor Jean, she had hoped so; big tears rolled down her cheeks. She tried to be optimistic, "Yes, honey, just keep on praying to the Infant. He will surely answer a little child's prayer."

Mrs. Harlowe had been bedfast for two years now. Almost every means of curing her had been exhausted. But Mr. Harlowe was a kind and loving husband, he was not satisfied with the doctors in his vicinity. The neighbors told him to change doctors. Of course, most people have confidence in a particular doctor, but for his wife's sake, he called in a specialist from a nearby town.

The day for the examination came. What would the verdict be? Jean, with her little sisters, had begun a novena to the Blessed Mother. She felt that her Heavenly Mother would not refuse her. Anxiety reigned in the Harlowe home. Would Mrs. Harlowe ever walk? Doctor Thompson said an operation was necessary. He was the best doctor in the country. If his attempts failed, all was useless. He allowed Mrs. Harlowe two weeks for resting and deciding whether she cared to undergo a very serious operation which meant life or death.

Prayer, now was the only consolation. The answer seemed to be, "Take a chance." Mrs. Harlowe yielded to the doctor's wish. Only an hour remained until the result was to be announced. Jean was with her father at the hospital, the other children were with an aunt. They became so anxious that they could scarcely control their nerves. Jean went to the chapel there; she begged Our Lord to save her mother. She became so enraptured in her prayer that she failed to notice the time. She was just leaving the chapel when her father and Doctor Thompson came in with the sad message that her dear mother had passed into eternity while she was praying. Mr. Harlowe bore the sorrow bravely. He knew she had had one chance out of a million. Dr. Thompson had used his greatest efforts but all was in vain. The Lord wanted this soul, that is why He prepared Jean to do her duties as she was doing and permitted her mother to be an invalid.

Everyone of us shall encounter similar circumstances during our life. Let us bear them as Jean and her father did. It seemed so cruel that Mrs. Harlowe should be taken, but we cannot see God's ways. We know, however, that all is for some good reason.

—Bernardine Grotzinger.

Saint Joseph

Dear Saint Joseph, pure and holy,
Spouse of Mary here on earth,
You were Guardian of the Saviour
From the moment of His birth.

And your heart, it leaped with gladness
When you heard the angels sing,
"Peace on earth, good will to men;
There is born to you a King."

But your loving heart was broken,
When o'er Egypt's sands you fled,
Thinking that your Son and Saviour
Owned not a place to rest his head.

Oh how tenderly you shielded
Your loved ones from care and blame,
Till God sent a welcome message,
And thence to Nazareth you came.

There you lived so calm and peaceful,
Working, toiling, through the years,
Side by side with Jesus, Mary,
Stilling all their doubts and fears.

Then an angel coming softly
Bore you to your home above,
There to reign at last triumphant,
In your virtue and your love.

Great Saint Joseph, up in Heaven,
Listen to our earnest prayer,
Ever give to us, your children,
A father's tender love and care.

—*Rita Krellner.*

Billy's Prayer and Answer

"COME on, Billy, it's time to go to bed," said Jack. "You know that mother isn't here so I must take care of you now." So off to bed they went. "Kneel down and say your prayers as you promised mother," counselled Jack. Billy, being but five years old, knew only the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." So after saying these two prayers he composed a prayer of his own as his mother had so often taught him to do before she went to her eternal rest. "God bless daddy; God bless Jackie and me; and, Lord, don't forget to take mother into Heaven, because when I die I want to see her in Heaven with all of us. And, Dear Lord, please do help daddy to be a better man, so he gets a job, and we will have enough to eat." For several nights he repeated this prayer in hope of getting an answer from God.

One night, after the two boys had gone to bed, Mr. Jones was seated in his chair beside the fireplace, reading the newspaper, when he overheard little Billy saying his night prayers in his sleep. The words seemed to strike him, his mind was troubled and his hard heart softened, to find his tiny son could speak so confidently to God,

while he did not even remember the Hail Mary and God Bless Us. Then, too, he blushed at having failed his children. He dropped his paper and bent his head in shame. He recalled his past evil life, his bad example to the children, his broken promises to his deceased wife, and the many offences against His God and Savior. He reviewed in his mind what the boys thought of him, how right-minded people regarded him, what punishment God in His righteous anger should mete out to him. "Oh, my God," he exclaimed, "I am sorry for this and I firmly resolve to do better, only do give me strength."

The clock struck eleven. A knock at the door startled him. He arose and made his way toward the entrance, trying to brace up so as not to betray his emotion. As he opened the door a voice in a muffled tone said, "Come, Dan, are you ready?" "Ready for what?" asked Dan. "Did you forget that we have a job on our hands tonight?" replied the stranger. With a pang, Dan recalled that the gang was to rob the First National Bank, at midnight. He gripped the door knob tighter, bit his lip and stared into space for a moment, then said, "Count me out, I'm not going along." "What do you mean, are you turning yellow?" growled the man. "No," Dan replied firmly, " I am not turning yellow, I'm just turning straight," and he began to close the door. "Well, I'll see the chief about this," said the gangster, angrily, as he pulled his hat over his eyes and hurried away.

Mr. Jones returned to his chair beside the fireplace and continued meditating on his life. The time passed quickly, without his being aware of it, when suddenly he noticed that an auto had stopped near the house. Before he could rise from his chair, however, a volley of shots came in through the window and two bullets struck him in the chest, just above the heart, piercing an artery. Jack was awakened by the noise, called his brother and, trembling with fear, ran down the stairs to see what had happened. On entering the room he gasped for breath when he saw his father slumped on the floor, covered with blood. "Daddy, Daddy," he cried, "what's the matter?" The silent form on the floor did not answer. Frightened, Billy ran to the neighbor's to call a priest and a doctor. Like a flash of lightning Billy arrived at the Benson's door, pounding for admittance. As the door opened, he rushed past the butler, into the house, grabbed the telephone and, not being acquainted with the instrument, without any other preliminaries shouted, "Hurry, hurry, a priest, get him quick." The butler much amazed at the child's actions, exclaimed, "Child, what do you want? Explain this intrusion." "Oh! I can't, there isn't time. Call a priest," replied Billy. The butler summoned the priest as requested. In a few minutes Fr. James knelt at the dying man's side and administered the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Just before the wounded man breathed his last, he uttered, for the second time that night, "O, my God, I am sorry." His life was ended, he had gone to meet his wife whom once he had promised to be a good father to his children.

Fr. James now turned to the sobbing boys and tried to comfort them. His kind and consoling words gave them courage and he succeeded, at last, to persuade them to go back to bed for the rest of the night, promising that he would come again in the morning and that he would take care of them. A kind neighbor promised to remain with the children for the week.

When the two boys returned to their bedroom, Billy said to Jack, who was still crying for his father, "I can say the rest of my prayers now." "Didn't you say your prayers with me?" asked Jack. The little chap did not answer, but getting down on his knees said, "Dear Lord, I see you answered my prayer. Daddy is good again. He said he was sorry. Jackie and I will be taken care of. Thanks a whole lot, Dear Lord." This prayer finished, he crept into bed. When there, he broke into tears and, burying his face in his pillow, cried himself to sleep.

After the funeral, the good priest accompanied the boys to their little house, both to soften the pain of their parentless homecoming and to talk over their future.

He gently put the question, what they wanted to do now? Disconsolately, Jack answered, "I guess we must stay here alone, or go to a neighbor for a while." With trembling voice, he begged not to be taken to an Orphan Asylum. "No, no, my little men," replied the priest, "It shall not be an Orphanage, but a boarding school for boys where I studied long ago. And my mother, who lives near, will often come to you and you may be hers and my little boys, always." "Always," they softly repeated as they happily took Father's hand.

—*Earl Andres.*

"A Meditation"

It was a dark and dreary night
  As I sat beside the sea.
I waited for the stars, so bright,
  To shed their light on me.

But denser still the darkness grew,
  It spread o'er land and sea,
Each object slowly sank from view,
  Dread fear took hold of me.

A blessed wind the clouds dispersed,
  The stars came out, at last,
With gladness now my heart near burst,
  When their light they on me cast.

When now I see the stars at night,
  A longing comes o'er me;
I fain would pierce the sky so bright,
  The Almighty I would see.

My heart could never more then grieve,
  Its restless yearning cease,
For that one glimpse it had of God
  Would bring eternal peace.

However, dreams soon fade away,
The morning dawn is near;
I must, with courage, face the day,
Perform my duties here.

There are about me souls that grieve,
I can make their days more bright,
Until all yearnings end in peace,
In the land of eternal light.

—*Thomas Lenze.*

Milton's L'Allegro

MILTON, an eminent poet, has given us many valuable poems. Among them, L'Allegro, in which he describes the cheerful man, is most popular.

This happy, carefree character seeks and finds solace and enjoyment in Nature Out in the fields, among the beds of blue violets and roses, he desires to go, there to receive lofty inspirations. The lark is his friend. At dawn, he listens for the song of his gay little friend and then, at dusk, he eagerly heeds the last twitter of his cheery companion. The hunter's horn often rouses him in the slumbering morn. The picturesque landscapes robed in flames of amber, gold, russet, yellow, pink and blue, are a source of much pleasure to him.

Rural life, the work on the farm, are his chief enjoyments in the morning. At midday, when the sky is pale blue and the golden sun is shining overhead, he sits, gazes and admires Old Sol, or he goes to the country and stirs among the leaves or along the brook. On a holiday, he invites young and old alike, to join in sport and play.

In the evening, he prefers dreamy things. He revels in sitting beside an open hearth—there, to look into the fire and relate fairy tales to the tiny tots gathered around him. Sometimes, he chooses to visit the city—here he attends weddings, feasts and pageants. Then, before retiring he longs for music which is soothing to the mind and produces a peaceful effect upon the soul. With these sentiments, he retires. So, this man goes through life finding pleasure and happiness in everything.

We, as Christians, admire not only Nature, we go one step higher and marvel at the Creator of all nature, and in all reverence we exclaim, "If Nature is so beautiful, what must Nature's God be like!"

—*Bernardine Grotzinger.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream

'Twas on a summer night so drowsy
While with my volumes vigil I did keep,
That ebon shades of night came lowering
And softly bade my tired eyes to sleep.

Then Lo! I was no longer weary mortal,
But guided by the kind moon's silvery beams;
At last I came, triumphant, eager, reverent,
Close by the threshold of the land of dreams.

It seemed as tho' I wandered in a forest,
A forest old, untouched, serene and deep,
Where peace and solitude reigned undisturbed,
Where elves and fairies nightly revels keep.

The trees were tall, the mistletoe clung 'round them,
The ferns and flowers in their vales smelled sweet,
The weeping willow bending sadly low,
The placid waters of the brook did meet.

Sylvan shade and sunbeams alternate came and went,
Gay butterflies rocked softly to and fro,
While birds of every pleasing shape and hue,
With songs and colors made the forest seem to glow.

Then suddenly I heard the chime of bells
And voices blent in joyful, sweet refrain,
And as the chime and voices nearer drew,
I saw the fairy queen escorted by her train.

Oh, fair were they, and fairer still was she,
With gossamer robe of rainbow tinted hue,
Oh, sweet her hair, of golden cobwebs spun,
And sweeter still her eyes of heaven's blue.

But 'ere I had the time to note the rest,
The gladsome festival began anew.
On leaves as banquet tables placed,
The fairy train set nectar and sweet dew.

But the tiny fairies quickly disappeared,
The music faded from the sylvan nook;
I passed thru Dreamland's gates and woke,
To find myself still looking at my book.

—Rita Krellner.

More Flood Scenes
St. Marys, Pa., 1936.

Will Rogers, the Man

THERE was only one Will Rogers. This generation never produced another man with such a wide variety of outstanding talents. His genius was unique and it led him on to where he was sought by Princes and Rulers. But he always remained the plain, unassuming man to whom a lowly stage hand was just as important as a powerful statesman. Fortune and world fame were his, yet he always kept his sharp-heeled cowboy boots firmly on the ground. The motion pictures, radio, the printed word and the stage were used by him as mediums of conveying his thoughts to others. Thus he made his name a household word of tremendous influence. A tireless traveler, he found his material in many lands, but never forgot his beginning on a cattle ranch in the old Indian Territory. He was at once a cowboy, rodeo rider, comedian, philosopher, humorist and philanthropist. His career seems almost fabulous. He might have been half a dozen men, so many were his talents. Through all the plaudits that came his way he remained humble, always creating the impression that the applause was not meant for him. This was no pose with Will Rogers. We shall remember him always as a sensible, courageous and loyal friend, possessed of unusual and notable talent. He created fun for all mankind. In nothing he ever said was there an intentional sting. It is doubtful if any man without rank or title was ever accorded the homage that was given him. A smile has disappeared from the lips of America and her eyes are now suffused with tears. He was a man; take him all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

—*Arthur Werner.*

A Sleeping Child

Dead to the noise of the busy world,
He lies in his crib this time of day,
Resting his weary limbs for a time,
After long hours of strenuous play.

A picture of innocence is this child,
As softly it sleeps in its tiny bed;
Its face is tranquil, serene and mild,
Its locks form a halo around its head.

Serenely it smiles as it slumbers there,
Tranquil and quiet, knows nothing of care;
Angels it sees in its baby dreams,
It plays in its slumbers, in heaven it seems.

—*John Gregory.*

My First Hunting License

DAD, I can get my hunting license next year, can't I? I'll be old enough then. I intend to bag a deer, too. Oh yes, I know how to handle a gun. Why I had a B. B. gun when I was only six years old; I've used the twenty-two for the last four years; I've shot the twelve gauge once, and I didn't mind it so much. What, a rifle kicks more than that twelve gauge shot gun? I don't think it can, and, well, anyway I'm going to get my license next year. Get lost? Why I've been in every patch of woods within ten miles of here and only once was I lost and that was only for a little while. I know where a lot of grouse are, too. Dangerous? It's no more dangerous than fishing. Besides, I'm always careful. I carry my rifle on safety at all times; I always make sure of what I'm shooting at, too. By the way, dad, how long have you been hunting? All your life? What a record! Surely it was just as dangerous then as it is now, and you got your deer at the age of twelve! Dad, you must have been a good shot. Yes there might have been more game then but a deer is hard to hit at any time. Oh I know you didn't have to have a hunting license then, but to have one is worth more to me than the money. You've had a license ever since they were issued and you shot more grouse than I ever will, not to speak of all the deer you already shot. Gee! You've experienced all the hunter's excitement ever since you were a boy. You shot fox, bear, and wildcats, too. Dad, how about me getting my license this year? Gee! thanks, dad! I knew you couldn't refuse.

—*Wilfred Hanes.*

Childhood of Jesus

Sweet Mary sitting at her cottage door
  Watches little Jesus at his childish play.
He smiles and talks to the neighbor lads
  And wins them all with his sunny way.

His mother's eyes note ev'ry precious charm;
  Hair so gold and silken, eyes so brilliant blue,
The childish grace of the baby form,
  The smile, so sweet and dimpled, yet so true.

Though the other lads are chubby, young and fair
  He stands like a king, so straight and tall,
Yet humble and meek and wondrously mild,
  Though He, God's Son, is the greatest of all.

Then quickly little Jesus leaves His friends,
  His eyes have spied a rose of beauty rare,
He plucks it; hastens to His mother's side
  And puts the flower gently in her lustrous hair.

"Oh Mother, dearest Mother, I love you,"
He says and cuddles closer to her side.
His mother smiles, yet tears belie her joy,
For two great drops among His tresses hide.

You see, she cannot help but think
That some day Jesus, now so young and fair,
Shall weakly trudge up Calvary's rugged side,
A crown of thorns matted in His hair.

But earnestly she puts aside her fears
And says, "This is His childhood still;
We should be happy, joyful, carefree now,
And after that—but it is Heaven's will."

—*Rita Krellner.*

Our Distinguished Visitors

DURING our four years in High School we enjoyed many happy hours. Among the most pleasant as well as instructive were the hours in which we were entertained by two distinguished guests.

The first to visit our school was Reverend Father Ildephonse Brandstetter, O. S. B., originally from St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pennsylvania, but for the last eleven years, a resident missionary of Kaifung, China. In a most interesting manner he described Chinese habits, customs and modes of living. He also spoke briefly concerning the many hardships of a Catholic priest and the difficulties he encounters in trying to spread Christianity among the natives. In conclusion he made an earnest plea for our prayers to help carry on missionary work.

Several months later we again had the rare privilege of listening to Reverend Father Lawrence Graner, of the Holy Cross Congregation, Notre Dame, Indiana, but for the past seven years a missionary in India. His accounts of the Hindus, Garos and Mohammedans were most thrilling. He kept us in a state of suspense, especially when he related his various encounters with wild beasts and snakes. Minutes flew swiftly and before we knew it one more pleasant hour was only a memory.

Not only did these visits entertain us, but they also inspired us with missionary zeal. I am sure that if there was one among us who harbored in his bosom the germ of a vocation, he would now all the more eagerly try to follow God's call.

—*Rita Herzing.*

A Missionary's Trials

To the rhythmic beat of a tom-tom
When the jungle day is done,
Attentive ears are listening
As shadows there grow long.

A priest of the Jesuit Order
Has come to the mission field.
He thinks, as he hears that beating,
Of the harvest this mission should yield.

Each night when fatigued with his labors,
He kneels 'neath the starlit sky,
And pleads for the souls he is seeking,
With the Father of mercy on high.

And will those souls grow docile
And list' to that priest's holy word?
Ah yes—he'll find joy in his missions,
Every soul will he gain for his Lord.

—J. Andrew Wehler.

The Sacred Heart

He is the Refuge, the Lover of all,
Who guides and directs us, so we don't fall.
So kind and so loving, and thoughtful and true,
I think we owe Him a lot, don't you?

Without our Good Savior, O where would we be?
The answer to this is, "Nowhere," you see.
And so we should do all we possibly can,
And try hard to save every wayward man.

When we are in grace, and our Savior is near,
Not a thing on earth, do we have to fear.
If we do all we can to help the poor sinners,
We're sure to come out in the end as the winners.

—Evelyn Haberberger.

Simplicity

AS food is necessary to the body, so is simplicity to the character. On first sight, simplicity seems dull, uninteresting and somber. Flashy sophistication seems so much more intriguing. But simplicity is as a diamond. At first sight in its natural form, it proves unattractive, but after being cut and burnished by humility and self-interest, it gleams with a rare and brilliant radiance. The gaudy ignoramus posing as an educated scholar, and the true countryman, who says what he thinks and thinks what he says, may well be contrasted. Though the latter goes through much rough handling, like gold he comes out brighter and untarnished; but when the veneer of respectability wears off, the ignoramus becomes tarnished and the bronze is worn off. Simplicity is a true virtue and when one possesses it, let him guard it, keep it, and treasure it as life itself.

—*Veronica Fritz.*

Tennyson's Elaine

ELAINE, the fair, the lovable, the good maid of Astolat is one of Tennyson's best characters. In her we find traits which are becoming to any maiden, traits which should be a part of each young girl's possession. What a sweet view of life is hers! Amidst the companionship of her beloved father and her two loving brothers she spends her days in happiness. The beautiful virtues of purity, charity and simplicity are her chief adornments.

In all simplicity she freely bestows her pure love upon the princely knight Lancelot When he is severely wounded in a tournament she, with tender care, nurses him back to life. But Lancelot does not reciprocate the true warmth of Elaine's love. On his return to the Court without requiting her love or bidding her farewell, Elaine pines away and dies. Her love was without passion and too true to feel resentment, and her one desire was that after death she should be understood at Court. Accordingly, after receiving the Last Sacraments, she dictates a letter to be read before the Round Table and directs her two brothers to deck, as if for the Queen, her couch on which she dies. This, bearing her remains, was placed on a funeral barge draped in deepest black, and rowed by an ancient deaf and dumb servitor of the family, to "go in state to meet the Queen." As it sails along peacefully, the funeral pall hangs loosely over the edge of the boat so that it floats on the water. Roses are beautifully festooned around the prow and sides of the vessel. One detached rose floats on the surface of the lake; white doves hover near the prow of the vessel, as if flying ahead—mute messengers of peace, fit heralds of the silent, peaceful cargo.

Our Holy Patroness

Dear Mother, our patron,
  Oh Star of the Sea,
Help us, thy children,
  To a blessed Eternity.

Thru trouble and sorrow,
  Our helper please be;
And guide us so gently,
  Sweet Star of the Sea.

Kind patron of studies,
  Dear help of thy child,
Thy aid we implore,
  Our mother so mild.

The help of all Christians,
  The friend of the poor,
Guide us, dear Mother,
  When temptations allure.

When death bids us cease
  Our labors so drear,
To Heaven then take us,
  Our Mother so dear.

—*Mildred Braun.*

Thomas A. Edison

SMACK! The conductor's heavy hand struck the newsboy over the cheek. "Take that confounded rubbish off this train and don't come back." The boy rubbed his ear ruefully and began to gather up his chemical apparatus. "If only that stick of phosphorous hadn't started a fire in the baggage car," he thought.

The savage blow the conductor gave brought on life-long deafness, but nothing discouraged young Thomas Edison. He continued his experiments with determined persistence.

In a few years, while still a boy, he went to New York to get a job. But although he had become an expert telegraph operator, nobody wanted his services. One day he happened to be sitting in the office of a telegraph company when something went wrong with the whole works. Experts were summoned, but they could not locate the trouble. Finally, young Edison ventured to say that he might be able to find what was

wrong. They laughed at him tauntingly, but find it he did. The head of the company promptly offered him the job of manager of the entire concern at a salary of around $300 a month.

What a break for the young inventor! Now he could afford a laboratory of his own. He moved to New Jersey where, in his spare time, he kept steadily at his experiments. Many laughed at him. "Look what he's trying to do!" they sneered. After they had spoken into the machine, however, and it had dispatched their voices, they laughed no more. The phonograph had been born.

When young Edison began to work on his incandescent electric lamp, everybody said, "Impossible." But this young man seemed to have the ability to do the impossible. With a few loyal assistants he worked month after month, often into the small hours of the morning. He had to find something that would give off light without the need of oxygen. It must be a substance that would glow with a white light, and yet would not melt under intense heat.

What could he find to serve his purpose? Of all things a spool of thread. He clipped off a small piece of thread, bent it into the shape of a horseshoe, put it in a mold made of nickel, and baked it for five hours in a terrifically hot furnace. When he brought it out it was a thread of delicate carbon. The slightest vibration would cause it to crumble. Time and again he tried to carry it from the furnace to his work table only to have it break before he could get it into the bulb. At last he succeeded. The bulb was exhausted of air, sealed, and the current turned on. Presto! There was light— a light that burned for forty hours. The electric lamp had come into existence. Thus did Edison pioneer into the unexplored regions of science.

—*Arthur Werner.*

A Simple Soul

A simple soul am I, who loves
To hear the notes of the mourning doves,
The busy humming of the honey bees,
The rapid rustling of the autumn leaves.
To see the shadows on a clean waxed floor,
The sunlight peeping through my door,
A flock of geese flying up so high,
Quite near a cloud of blue in the sky.
I love the moss around the brook
Where there is a friendly nook;
All these I love—I must confess,
I'm only a simple soul, I guess.

—*Rita Jacob.*

My Mother

Wrinkled and care-worn is her loving face,
Slowly slacking are her steps in pace;
Rough and cracked are her hands from work,
But never one duty does she shirk.

And now her hair is beginning to gray,
Telling of many a sorrowful day;
But her eyes still beam as a precious gem,
Her lips our torrents of tears still stem.

Thru the years she has toiled just for our sake,
That a bright, happy home for us she might make.
Her, for another, I would never exchange,
No! Not for worlds would I her estrange.

—*Zita Woods.*

The Organ Peals

THE day was dull; the sun was hiding; the flowers did not seem to display their beauty; the grass did not show forth its usual luster, and everything seemed to be lifeless. I was in an unusual mood. In order to compose myself, I somewhat heedlessly wended my way o'er the path which led me to a church. I debated with myself whether or not I should enter, however, I made my way up the cold stone steps and walked straight-way towards the Tabernacle.

I knelt down and began conversing with my God. Apparently I was alone, until I heard the organ begin to play. I knelt as if in a trance. I wondered if there were angels playing for no human hands could produce such beautiful strains. The music was sublime, it swelled into tremulous strains of ecstacy and adoration. Now it gradually became softer and more pleading, like a mother whispering loved words to her child. Then soft notes suddenly had a lilt of gaiety in them, reminding me of innocent lambs gamboling in the sunshine. As I listened, tears came to my eyes and my heart was overcome with a sudden realization of the beauty of a human soul. I wondered why life could not always be as joyful and sweet as the music of the organ. As if in answer to my question, the organ suddenly seemed to change to a human heart wailing in bitterest grief. Loud and despairing were its cries and in answer came comforting, soothing strains. To my poor heart, they brought solace and relief, and courage suddenly seemed to come upon me. The burden that had been weighing upon my soul was dissolved by the peals of the organ. I now knew what I must do since I had found strength to do it.

Rising from contemplation, I again went into the open air. I resolved to follow my vocation despite all hindrances, I had found peace and my heart was lightened of its burden.

—*Zita Woods.*

Spring

Walking 'neath the trees so tall,
I heard a very familiar call.
'Twas Mister Robin Red Breast
Now telling of his sunny rest.

While listening to his merry singing,
I saw some squirrels from branches swinging.
Then near the brook so sparkling, bright,
I saw a tiny floweret, white.

The clouds were gone, the skies were clear,
And all of Nature was so dear,
And kneeling down a prayer I said
To my loving God Who reigns o'erhead.

—*Iona Gausman.*

The Character of Sir William Thornhill

A WEALTHY man, rich both materially and spiritually was Sir William Thornhill. He was the lord of many beautiful city as well as country homes, which were at the disposal of his useless and profligate nephew. Residing chiefly in town among his many parasitic friends he hardly ever visited his country estates and therefore was not aware of the evil and cowardly deeds of his thoughtless relative. Thornhill was classed among men of learning because of his training and education, acquired at a high-classed military college. At first he was happy to accept the adulations from his so-called friends who surrounded him in crowds; but he soon discovered the disloyalty of these flatterers, when on finding his wealth impaired, these same friends left him.

As his fortune seemed to wane, the good nature of Thornhill appeared to increase: his heart was too good and his mind too sensible to be angry at his deserters, whom, instead of cursing, he pitied. He now realized friends whom his favors had gathered around him were not worthy his attention; that true contentment can best be found when a man gives himself to alleviate the sorrows of others. He therefore resolved to rebuild his fallen fortune, and with this determination ever before his eyes, as also his desire ever to help suffering humanity, he traveled through Europe. His journeys were

made on foot and opportunities which he encountered in his travels he embraced with advantage and marked success. He returned to his country. Favored by circumstances, determination and ability, he had regained his wealth and could now live in affluence.

The Vicar of Wakefield and his family, after moving to their new home came in contact with a very charitable and sensible man, by the name of Burchell. He appeared poor, but was very learned and well acquainted with the surrounding country. His noble deeds of charity and his generosity towards the needy throughout the years that brought him in contact with the Vicar, could not be termed other than, being of the utmost, illustrious, worthfulness. He illustrated in his advice to the Vicar's family that he loved home life, the good old fireside and the innocent games; that he liked those with pure and innocent qualities and wished such qualities not to be disturbed or crushed. This Mr. Burchell was none other than Sir William Thornhill, who in order to be of service to true friends adopted the life of a poor man.

I have endeavored here to show Sir William's moral qualities and the greatness of this noble soul. His benevolence and his forgiving spirit, his search for true love and the happiness of an inspiring hearth are his predominant traits. His humility worthy of imitation, and his genuine love and sympathetic spirit were the greatest aids to the happiness which he sought. How just, too, he was after all the deep and hidden intrigues of his relatives and false friends had been revealed! Such men can not but have the blessing of God upon their deeds.

—*Arthur Werner.*

A Child

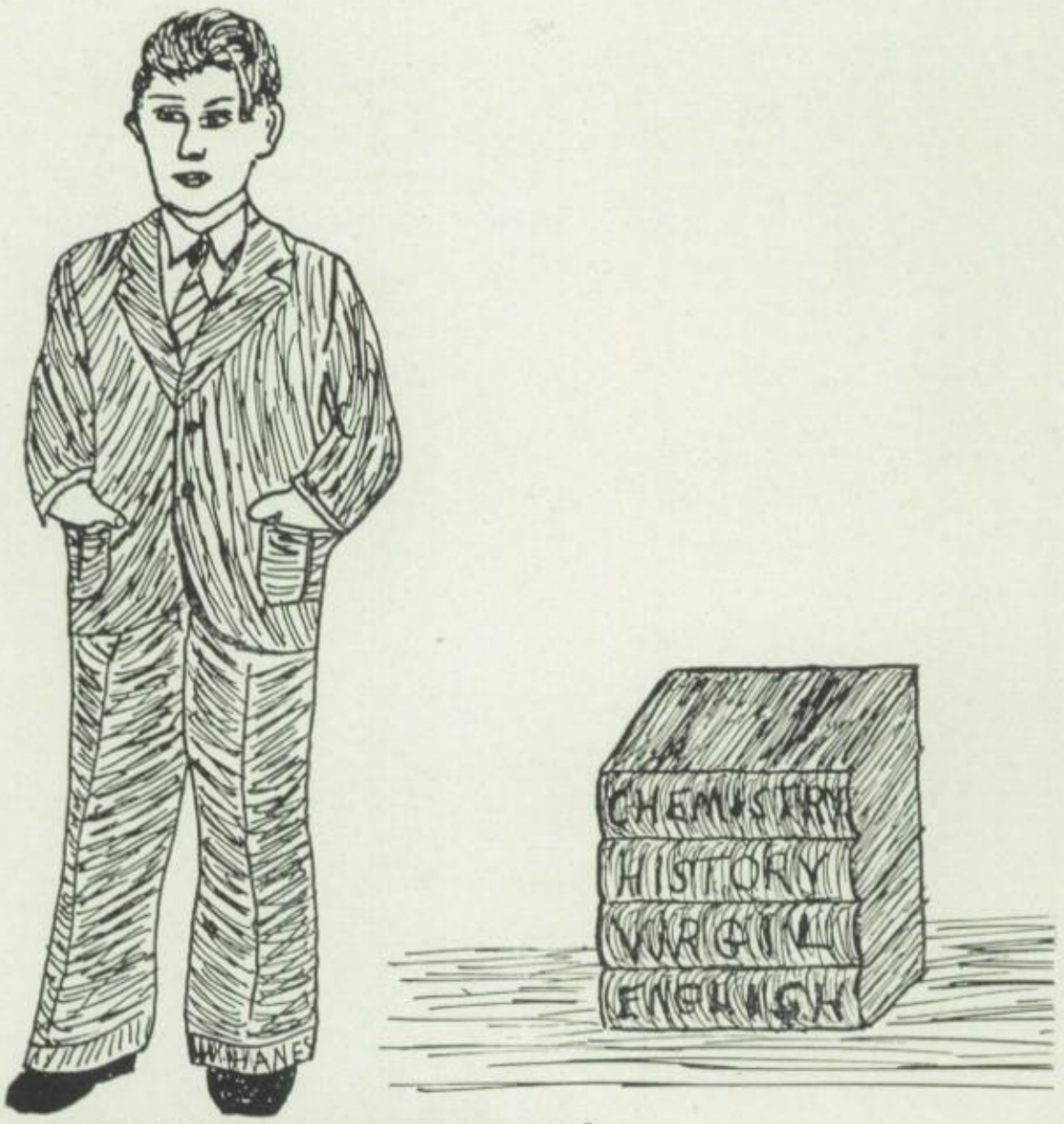
People love to see a child,
Its tender smile is ever mild.
It always looks with a happy face,
No matter where its home or place.

If at times it begins to cry,
Or its little face grows wry,
Soon its feelings mother soothes,
Her gentle touch each frown removes.

There it lies with smiling face,
Of sorrow or tear there's not a trace;
We know 'tis dreaming of the One
We, too, shall meet when our days are done.

When at the end our Maker we'll meet,
And kneel with joy at His Sacred Feet,
May we hear His voice so mild,
Bid us live with the Holy Child.

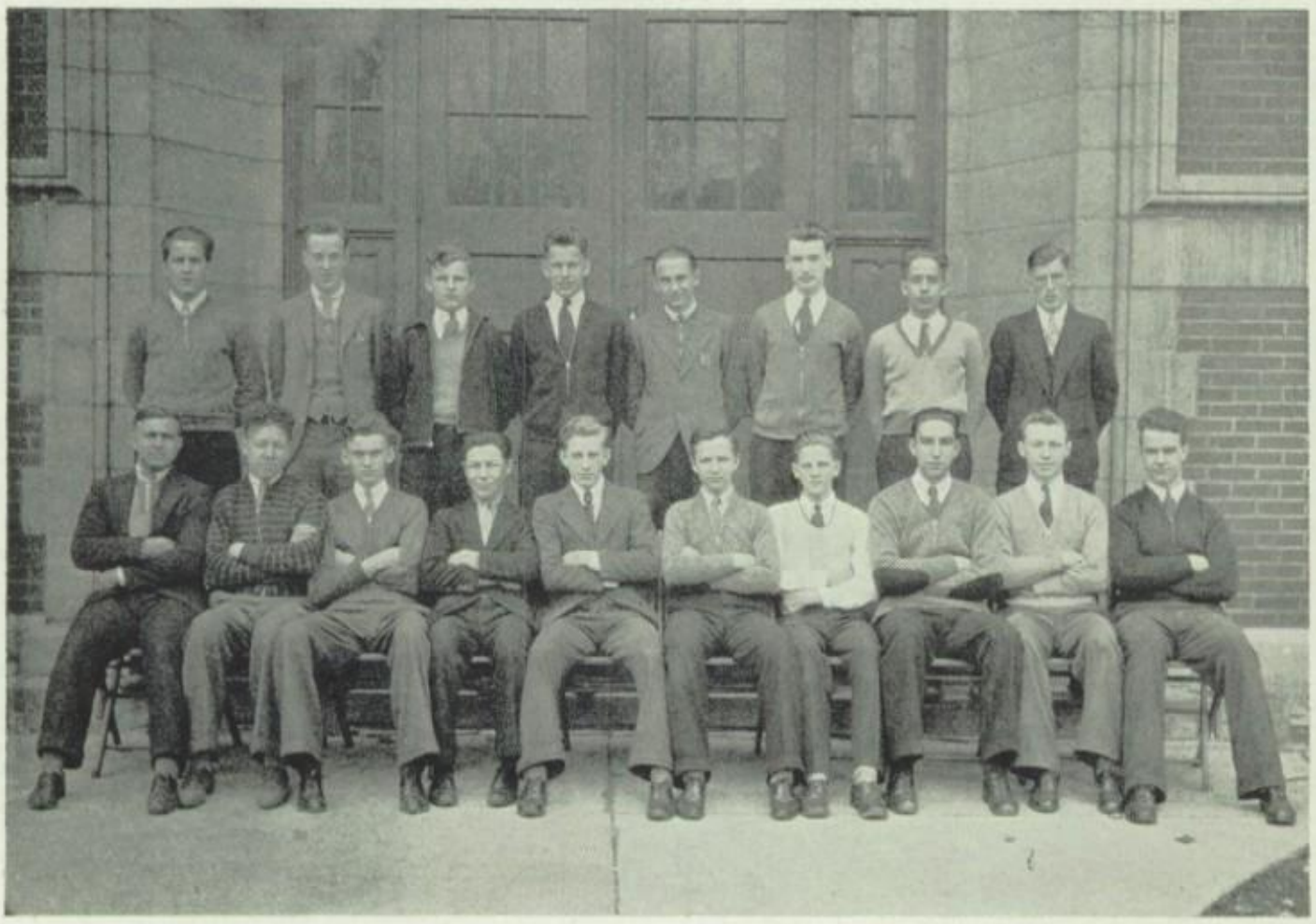
—*A. Kronenwetter.*



JUNIORS

JUNIOR GIRLS
Class Roll

Josephine Bologna
Helen Cassady
Margaret Davis
Marie Dietz
Dorothy Dippold
Angela Ehrensberger
Edna Fritz
Victoria Haberberger
Charlotte Heindl
Doris Herzing
Valerie Herzing
Rosemary Hirt
Genevieve Hoehn
Marjorie Jacob
Miriam Kreckle
Mary Ann Kronenwetter
Margaret McHenry
Ethel Meyer
Dorothy Neubert
Viola Roth
Mary Sadley
Margaret Seiser
Henrietta Simbeck
Rita Smith
Zita Stauffer
Jane Walker
Mary Wehler
Edith Werner
Louise Yeager



JUNIOR BOYS
Class Roll

A. Bayer
J. Bauer
T. Bebble
G. Brennen
G. Feldbauer
G. Finfinger
W. Hanhauser
A. Herbst
I. Herzing
D. Kronenwetter
J. Meyer
V. McCready
R. Pfingstler
E. Samick
J. Thiel
E. Wegemer
F. Wiesner

School

Saying that you hate school,
  Are words that you'll regret,
For the happy days of school life,
  Are the days you can't forget.

Wishing you were a Senior,
  Is a wish that will come true;
But, when you enter the Senior Class,
  The days are all too few.

They fly as if on wings of time
  Taking with them friends so dear.
The thought of leaving C. H. S.
  Will cause you many a tear.

So, take heed, all you Freshies,
  You Sophs, and Juniors, too,
Never say you hate school,
  For you know it isn't true.

—Mary Andres.

The Angler

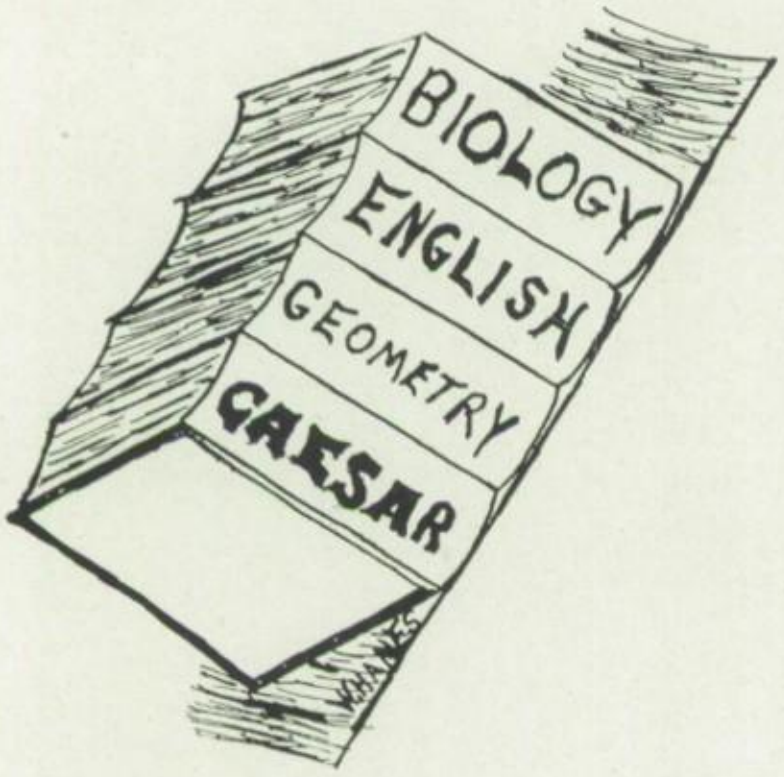
Give me rod and reel,
Give me boots and creel,
  And give me the freedom of the stream.

Give me fly and line,
Give me leaders fine,
  And give me the freedom of the stream.

Let me play the gleaming trout,
As he rushes in and out,
  How I love the freedom of the stream.

Give me sky and trees,
Give me birds and bees,
  And let me fish with freedom on the stream.

—J. Andrew Wehler.



SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE GIRLS

Class Roll

Elizabeth Ambuske
Jane Andres
Margaret Baumer
Clara Breindl
Evelyn Daniel
Agatha Daniel
Bertha Gausman
Magdalen Glatt
Alice Grotzinger
Rita Herbst
Martha Jesberger
Christine Joyce
Mary Kronenwetter
Geraldine McHenry
Evelyn McIntyre
Martha Miller
Rita Mullaney
Helen Ryan
Alice Schatz
Kathleen Schatz
Rita Schloder
Mary Schneider
Margaret Seelye
Helene Severin
Kathleen Smith
Mary Ann Sorg
Agnes Uhl
Mary Jane Wagner
Mary Williams
Martha Woelfel
Mary Zore
Mildred Prechtel
Mary Seiser

SOPHOMORE BOYS

Class Roll

James Bauer
Walter Bickmire
Raymond Cauley
Francis Cheatle
Manning Clark
Richard Detsch
Clarence Dippold
Joseph Fischer
Robert Fischer
Alfred Fleischman
Henry Fritz
Joseph Fritz
Leon Fritz
Ralph Fritz
Othmar Gerber
Louis Geyer
Robert Gregory
LeRoy Herzing
Gerald Higgins
Francis Hnath
Leo Kneidel
Teofil Kornacki
Arthur Kreckle
Frederick Lanzle
Othmar Lenze
George Norstrand
Charles Pappas
George Shaffer
Joseph Schaefer
Aaran Simbeck
Peter Straub
Arthur Walker
Leo Wiechman
Joseph Zelt

True Comfort

A hopeless look, a sad, despairing cry,
A leaden heart, a wounded, tear-filled eye,
A body with burdens, tribulations bent,
A soul with blackest, deepest anguish rent.

A spirit gray with stifled hopes and fears,
And fainting, thinking of the long, sad years,
Alone, alone with heart so raw, so sore,
And never joy, contentment any more.

Oh hopeless soul, there is for thee sweet rest,
While leaning on the Lord's dear loving breast;
Go, tell your cares to His fond heart
And tell Him, too, from Him you ne'er will part.

Then to that heart of yours He'll whisper low,
Words of comfort, banishing your woe,
He'll heal that saddened, tortured soul of thine
With words of happiness, of love divine.

And as you gaze upon that gentle face,
You'll feel a restful, precious, soothing grace
Steal o'er your soul and put those doubts to flight,
And fill your heart with hope's calm, peaceful light.

—*Rita Krellner.*

Summer

When the birds begin to sing
And their joyful tidings bring,
And the flowers begin to bloom,
We know summer's coming soon.

When our hearts are light and gay
As we go tripping on our way,
We know that summer's almost here,
The brightest season of all the year.

—*Staffie Shuster.*

FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN GIRLS

Class Roll

Mary Bologna
Dorothy Bayer
Mildred Cheatle
Anna Fischer
Bonita Fleming
Helen Garabic
Alice Haberberger
Rita Hacherl
Alice Hanes
Rose Herbst
Marie Hildebrand
Helen Kerchinski
Kathleen Kronenwetter
Grace Leithner
Mary Jane Neubert
Margaret Rettger
Helen Rupprecht
Eileen Samick
Dorothy Schloder
Nina Seth
Catherine Severin
Dorothy Wendel
Edna Woelfel
Lorraine Brennan
Marie Finfinger
Rosemary Fritz
Anne Gregory
Helen Hanes
Eileen Herzing
Alberta Hoffman
Elaine Kline
Rita Knecht
Rita Mae Loeffler
Eugenia McHenry
Edith Meyer
Mildred Samick
Elizabeth Shuster
Frances Simbeck
Louise Stauffer
Rosanna Yetzer
Edna Zelt

FRESHMEN BOYS
Class Roll

Norbert Arnold
Gilbert Brown
Harold Cheatle
Joseph Ehrensberger
George Fritz
Richard Fritz
John Gausman
Robert Geitner
Vincent Gerber
Cletus Hanes
Leo Hannibal
James Higgins
Robert Jacob
Adolph Jeselnick
Edward Jeselnick
James Brunner
Robert Caseman
Francis Clonan
Harold Feldbauer
Robert Fritz
Lavern Geyer
James Kronenwetter
George Meisel
Edward Minnich
Ambrose Kronenwetter
Fred Leithner
Mark Lenze
Fred McHenry
John Mullaney
Patrick O'Sullivan
Rock Rebic
Howard Schauer
George Schaut
Edward Schutz
Andrew Simbeck
Mark Smith
Albert Steinbach
Claud Wilhelm
Francis Zore
Joseph Pollick
Robert Reider
Gerald Smith
Fabian Stauffer
James Stricker
Tron Valentine
Charles Vogt
Regis Weinzierl
Richard Werner
Raymond Wortman

"We, Too, Belong"

Childhood To Manhood

From cradle to manhood his life is a dream,
A child without worry he requires much care,
To guard him from harm which distant may seem,
He reaches his school age, wide awake and fair.

With a sign of reluctance he trudges to school,
But there's joy in his heart as he earnestly tries,
With a slate for a tablet and a pencil for a tool,
To solve a large problem with its ifs and its whys.

While working and playing his time seems not long,
His sports and his studies take up the whole day;
The while he is active, his body grows strong,
But alas, time is passing, he must do with less play.

He's entering high school, his grades he has passed,
More difficult subjects now take up his time,
For he wishes to climax his studies of the past,
And the ladder of success courageously climb.

School days are over, the world lies before him,
Not so ready to aid, rather apt to forget,
But with faith in his God every victory he'll win,
He'll look back o'er his life without pang or regret.

—*John Gregory*

High School Courses

THE many studies of High School are divided into groups constituting four special courses, one of which each student chooses as he enters upon his High School career. These courses have some subjects in common, but each one has some special studies which distinguish it from the others and which the pupil must take if he wishes to have that particular course. The six hours which make up the school day are divided into eight periods of forty-five minutes each and most of the branches receive one of these periods a day.

Outside the ordinary subjects, one period each day is given to the special study of Religion, thus instructing the young person in morals, teaching him his duty toward God and his fellow men. This does not mean that Religion does not enter into the other subjects. The whole system in Catholic Schools is permeated with what constitutes a Christian life. One is taught to respect the rights of others, and to live in peace with everyone, not to rob or oppress the helpless or ignorant, but, rather, to show charity toward them and help them along, conduct so needful in these times of trouble and strife the world over.

Foremost among the courses of High School, and rating highest, is the classical, or academic course. This requires four years of Latin, a knowledge of which is valuable for any student. In the first year there is the studying of Latin grammar with vocabulary and translation. In the second year Latin there is a continuation of Latin grammar, Caesar, and more practice in translation. "Caesar" is made up of the letters which Julius Caesar wrote to authorities in Rome regarding his military activities in Gaul. Third and fourth years of Latin are more classical, with the study of Virgil's Aeneid and Cicero.

Besides Latin, the Academic Course includes two years of science, two years of modern languages and four years of mathematics, including algebra, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, and social subjects.

Ranking second is the science course with its principal studies, the exact sciences. The first year covers elementary science in a general way. It serves as an introduction to the special subjects which follow and answers many of the students' questions and problems, such as: "Why do airplanes fly? How are clouds and fog formed? How does a radio work, and many more. The subject includes a little bit of nearly every science—astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, etc.

In the second year comes biology, a subject both interesting and educational, dealing with plant and animal life and teaching one to be more observant of the great variety of surroundings. Chemistry requires much attention in the third year. It treats of the composition of the elements and various compounds, and the properties and uses of these. Physics, the science in the last year, teaches about electricity, machines, light, heat, water power and sound.

The science course also requires the study of Latin and a modern language for two years, as well as a year of American History, a year of Ancient or Modern History, four years of English and four years of Mathematics.

Next comes the Regular Course in which are required all major subjects common to the other courses, such as English, Mathematics and History. Along with these, the student must choose from the electives enough subjects to make up the required sixteen credits for graduation.

The commercial course comprises Bookkeeping, Shorthand, and Typewriting in addition to the major subjects. Success in shorthand and typewriting depends greatly on concentration and hours of careful practice for accuracy and speed. Shorthand is used by emanuenses, newspaper and court reporters. It is possible to get a speed of two or three hundred words per minute in stenography. As yet typists cannot attain so high a speed, but until dictaphones automatically transcribe dictations, facility in operating the typewriter is absolutely necessary for the commercial student.

—*John Gregory.*

Virgil's Aeneid

THE Roman Empire of Virgil's day was master of the whole world. She extended her influence through every continent, and respect and obedience to her was unexcelled. After Rome had gained control of the world it was at peace. National sentiment was ever supreme and her victories in the world had urged for further expansion, and desire for military glory. It is ever so. Then when war is over and we read of the achievements and hardships of our forefathers are we not proud of them? Their ancient glory dims that of peacetime heroes. So, too, it was in the time of the Romans. Emperor Augustus therefore assigned to Virgil the task of bringing out new forms of religious ceremonies, and to devise means adapted to bring about a reform for peaceful living. To attain this, the pride and enthusiasm of the Romans had to be aroused. Religion and hero worship was used as an incentive.

Virgil chose a Greek myth, the story of Aneas, who had a deified ancestry. This hero was made to compare with the greatest of the Romans, the victor of Actium. The story relates to the history of the early Greeks, since the Romans had no remote background of their own. The result was the production of the great Latin Epic, Virgil's Aeneid, which even today is outstanding among the great literary achievements of all times and nations. Virgil's name became great. Sculptors and painters vied with each other to produce representations of their peacetime hero, and soon statues of Virgil graced every public place. No art gallery today is complete without one of these statues of the greatest representatives of the Augustan Age.

—*John Pistner.*

French -- Projets De Vacances

LE TEMPS passe rapidement, la fin de l'annee scolaire avance vite, les compositions pour des prix sont finies et le grand sujet de conversation a l'ecole et a la maison est ou nous passerons les vacances.

"Moi", on dit, "partirai au bord de la mer: c'est tres amusant, on va a la peche, on prend des bains, on va en bateau ou bien on fait des parties de croquet ou de tennis sur le sable." Un autre vante le charme de la campagne, les longues promenades dans les bois, le canotage et les bains dans la riviere quand on sait nager. On espere aller a la montagne, ne parlant que d'ascensions, de batons ferres et de souliers a clous.

PLANS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

(Translation)

TIME passes quickly, the end of the school year is coming fast, the compositions for the prizes are finished and the big subject of conversation at school and at home is where to spend the vacation.

"I", one says, "will go to the sea-shore; it is very amusing, one goes fishing, bathing, boating, plays games of croquet or tennis on the sand." Another sings the praises of the country, the long walks in the woods, boating and bathing in the river when one knows how to swim. One hopes to go to the mountains, speaking only of climbing, of iron-tipped sticks, of hob-nailed shoes.

—Mary Leithner.

German

THE Modern German Language has been taken by careful selection from the dialects of the German Empire, parts of Austria and Switzerland. There are two divisions to the German language, the High German and Low German, and the High German is again divided into Middle German and Upper German. The High German was spoken by those living in the mountains or highlands, and the low German, by those in the valleys or lowlands. The German language can be said to have had three periods in which different changes came about. Most of our High Schools, today, teach High German, although quite a number of words are based on Latin and a few are of the Low German group.

It is of great benefit not only to have the ability to speak German fluently, but also to read and to write it well. Have you ever applied this question to a high school student, "Why are you studying German?" If so, perhaps you received this answer, "I'm only taking German to get my credits and because, for me, it is the easiest of the Modern Languages." What shallow reasons! Would that high school students could realize how very beneficial German or any other language will be for them. There is always a use for everything. The following incident will illustrate how a knowledge of German might have proved very beneficial.

A young detective was put on a case to trail two foreign bandits. During his investigations he came across two shabby, foreign-looking men standing on a street

corner, conversing in their native tongue. He stood near them awhile, but could not discover what language they were speaking. As it happened they were conversing in German about the recent hold-up of a large bank, which resulted in the loss of an immense sum of money. The detective, ignorant of their language, finally walked on. Had he known something of the modern language, German, he would probably have received some valuable information concerning the bandits. When he was in school he was one of the many who said that German would never be any value to him, but now he well remembers that, "Alles ist fur ein gutes Ende."

—*Dorothy Ambuske.*

Spanish

Neuva York, el 14 de abril de 1936.

Querido padre:

Acabo de recibir tu carta del 28 de marzo y me elegro mucho de saber que todas estais buenos. Carlos no debe continuar el latin si no le gusta. Que estudie teneduria de libros y taquigrafia, cosas que le seran mucho mas utiles, especialmente si no desea ir al colegio.

Ahora que estoy para concluir mi curso comercial en esta universidad, ya estoy pensando en el porvenir. En una carta de unos meses ha decias que querias que me quedara en casa por un ano antes de consequir una colocacion. Espero, sin embargo, poder persuadirte a que me permitas aceptar una colocacion pronto. Ya he escrito a varias casas comerciales, bancos, etc., ofreciendoles mis servios.

Una casa bancaria de Buenos Aires me esta considerando favorablemente y es probable que me ofrezcan una colocacion. Les gusto mucho mi buen conocimiento de las lenguas espanola e inglesa, juntamente con mi educacion comercial general, especialmente en los asuntos bancarios, y dicen que en unas semanas me daran una respuesta definitiva.

Recibi el cheque de cien dolares por el cual te doy mil gracias.

Tu afectisimo hijo,

CARLOS.

TRANSLATION

New York, April 14, 1936.

Dear Father:

I have just received your letter of the 28th of March and I am very glad to know that you are all well. Charles must not continue Latin if he doesn't like it. Let him take Bookkeeping and Stenography, things which will be of greater service to him, especially if he does not wish to go to college.

Now that I am about to finish my commercial course in this university, I am already thinking of the future. In a letter of some months ago you said that you wished to have me remain at home a year before obtaining a position. I hope I can persuade you, however, to allow me to accept a position at once. I have already written to various commercial houses, banks, etc., offering my services.

A banking house in Buenos Aires is considering me favorably and they may offer me a position. They were very much pleased with my good knowledge of the Spanish and English languages, together with my general commercial education, especially in money and banking, and they state that in a few weeks they will write me a definite answer.

I received the check for 100 dollars for which I thank you.

Your affectionate son,

CHARLES.

My Subjects

Bookkeeping is a subject
I find not hard to get,
But find it not so pleasing
Unless working with the set.

Chemistry—I like it
Tho hard, I would not shirk,
If only it had no problems
Which I don't care to work.

I much prefer my English
With all its rules and rhymes,
I'd like to be a poet
And might, I think sometimes.

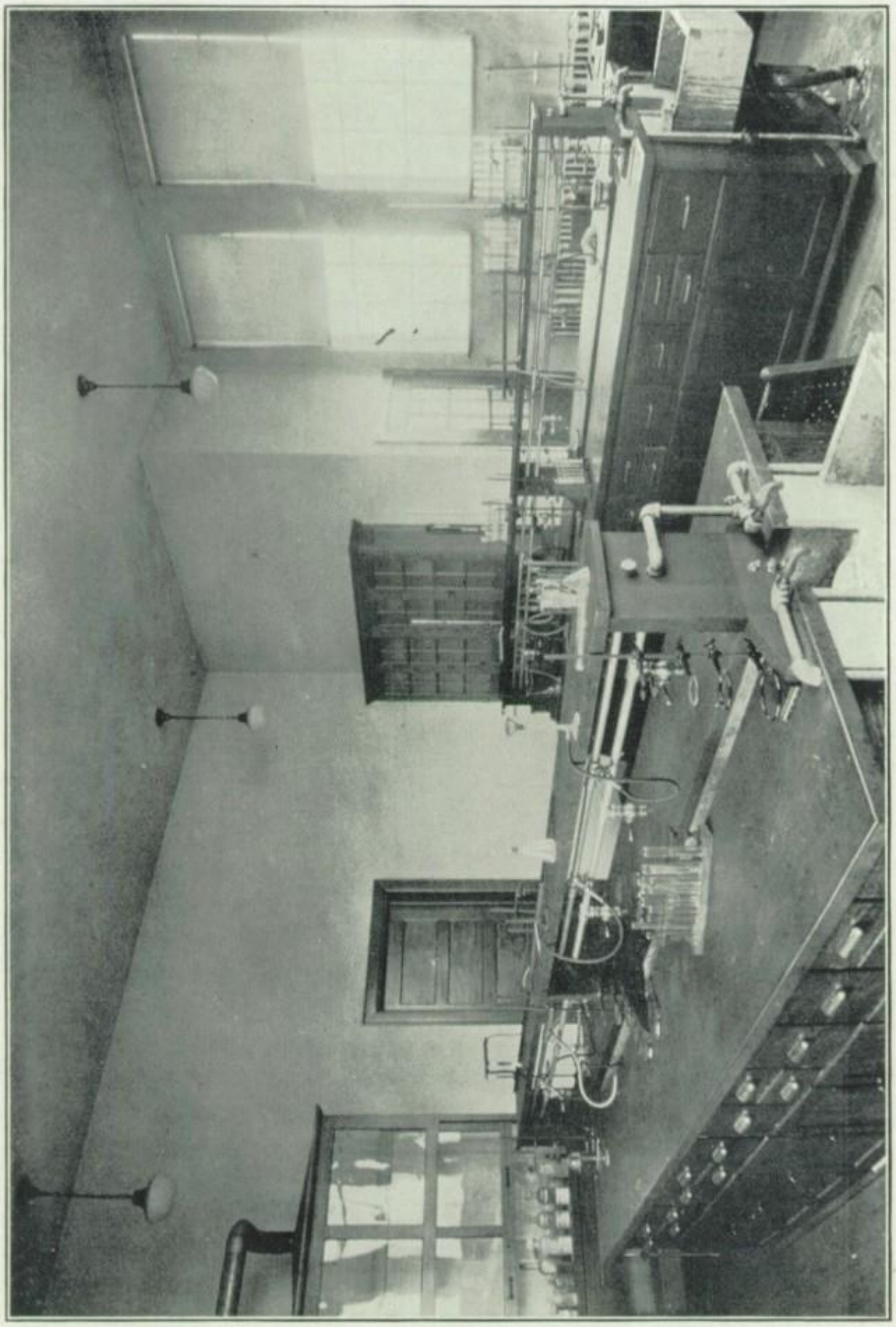
Geometry I've taken
But found it very hard,
The rules for planes and angles
I scarce can tell apart.

Commercial law for business
I must take in my course,
Or else a legal blunder
Will get me something worse.

There are some other studies
I've taken while at school,
Some majors and some minors
As is prescribed by rule.

The major of all majors
From first to final year,
The study of Religion
All Catholics hold dear.

—*William Weber,* '36.



LABORATORY

Science

SCIENCE holds a prominent place in our school curriculum. In ancient civilized countries, such as Greece and Rome, education was chiefly along the lines of Philosophy, Art and History. Later, during the middle ages, the study of these subjects died down among the peoples in general. Following the middle ages there was a great revival of learning. For a while education was mostly classical, that is, it was made up of the study of classics and languages. Christianity brought about a great change in the attitude of men towards science. Through her influence superstitious beliefs about nature and things in the universe were set aside. Men looked about them with a clearer vision and by observation and experiment drew their own conclusions. Knowledge thus gained was put by many to use. Inventions and discoveries followed. The invention of the compass introduced a period of navigation and exploration never deemed possible before. A new continent, America, was discovered and the earth was proved to be a globe. Discovery added to discovery; invention aided invention, development in one branch of science helped progress in another branch and there evolved rapidly this age of scientific achievement.

Now we have so many branches of science that it is impossible to become acquainted with all. There is chemistry, physics, biology, botany, zoology, astronomy and many more. In our High School days are taught the fundamentals of these sciences, and so the student gets an insight into many scientific problems that would otherwise be a mystery to him. To aid the student to a better comprehension of the text book, study is supplemented by experiment in the laboratory. Research is stimulated thereby, and many a genius has had his first impulse to be an inventor during these hours of high school science.

Practically every wonder of these modern times owes its origin to the thoughtful study and application of science; the wonderful progress in medicine and transportation can be traced directly to science. Look into your own home and see the changes wrought by it within the last quarter of a century. You turn a switch, your radio begins to speak. From far away India you receive a message, a report of an accident, a catastrophe or celebration. From Rome the Holy Father's voice reaches you to encourage or to bless. You take down the receiver of the telephone and a friend miles away greets you and leaves you happy. You step into your streamlined automobile and in a few hours, nay minutes, you are in a distant city doing business; you go to an airport and a plane picks you up and you cross the sea in time no longer counted by days.

At home, work has lost it drudgery; cooking, baking, washing, ironing, sweeping, sewing depend to a large extent upon a little pressure on a button. We must, therefore, admit that science has changed our habits and lives very greatly, even in our domestic circles. How about industry, warfare, etc? Industry has been revolutionized; warfare, always frightful and inhuman has become something so dreadful with its death dealing bombs, rained down upon a city, that we stop to ask whether our conveniences have not been too dearly bought.

If science and religion, always in harmony, were made to serve conjointly, none would have cause to fear. Occasionally we read science and revelation are contradictory. However, truths cannot contradict one another. Science leads to the discovery of the laws God has placed in nature. Therefore, true science brings one closer to God.

—*John Gregory.*

The Development of Light

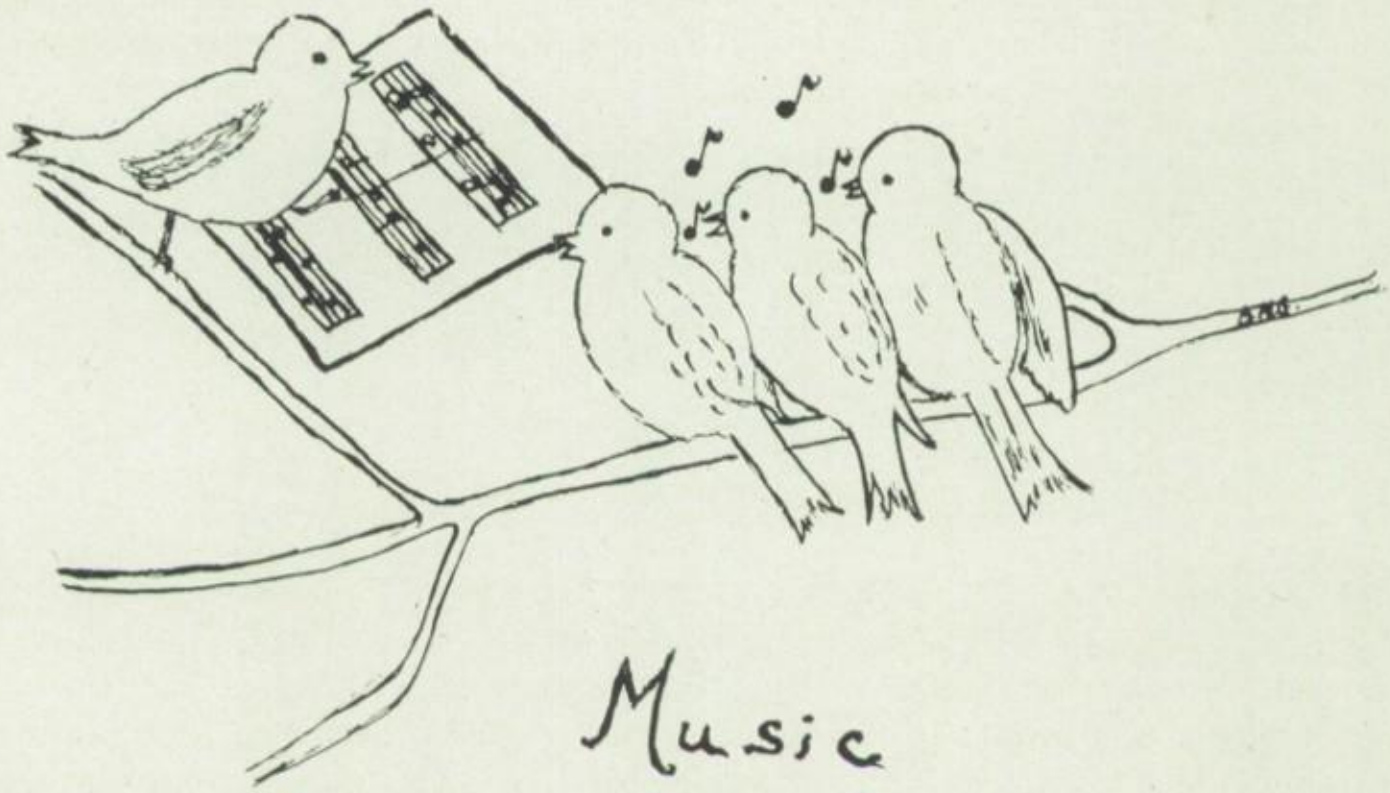
THE earliest means of lighting was the torch or a burning knot of wood stuck in the ground. A later improvement was the use of a sea shell or a stone hollowed out and filled with fat from an animal. Fish oil was commonly used. In this shell were placed some weeds, moss, or other material to serve as a wick. The Romans soon manufactured a hollow dish with a handle on the end and a spout on the other from which projected the wick. We also find candles in use at an early age and these are still used, especially in religious ceremonies.

In 1783, through M. Legers of Paris, a burner with a flat wick and spur-wheel for regulating the wick and the flame was adopted. The following year Aimi Argand invented a new burner, with a chimney or lamp globe; soon after this the kerosene lamp came into general use, which for eighty-two years, with slight improvements, did service to man.

The highest point in lighting was thought to have been reached with the invention of the "Student's Lamp" which used kerosene as a fuel and had a reservoir for the wick. Soon, however, the "Greatest Light" had to give way to the gas light. The first burner was a very cheap apparatus and rather unsafe. With the Wellsbach burner, a very satisfactory white light was produced and there was less fire hazard. Still the light may be accidentally extinguished and the escaping gas be ignited, causing a disastrous explosion.

The last step in the development of lighting devices was made by Edison, who invented the incandescent lamp, which uses electricity. This is safer than oil or gas, is much cheaper and gives a steady, white light of high candle power. This invention has revolutionized the lighting systems in all civilized countries throughout the world.

—*Vincent Sorg.*



MUSIC has ever played an important part among the activities of St. Marys Catholic Central High School. From the first year of Central's existence, the boys have had their orchestra. Off and on, a symphony orchestra, organized among the girls, graced the stage.

Glee Clubs among both girls and boys, as well as concert singing in school and in church choir, have held important places in the year's program.

The year 1935-36 forms no exception to this rule. Following are the volunteers who have given time and service in the Boys' Orchestra:

J. Meier	Trumpet	M. Herbst	Clarinet
G. Brennen	Drums	N. Arnold	Trumpet
W. Straub	Piano	Q. Fritz	Saxophone
G. Eckert	Violin	H. Lenze	Saxophone
R. Bauer	Violin	R. Geitner	Saxophone
M. Smith	Trumpet	A. Herbst	Trumpet

The following are members of the Girls' Orchestra:

G. Hoehn	Violin	E. Meier	Guitar
M. Davis	Violin	A. Grotzinger	Violin
M. Jacob	Piano	E. Ritter	Violin
R. Schloder	Piano	R. Hacherl	Violin
F. Simbeck	Guitar	J. Gregory	Violin
D. Haberberger	Guitar	H. Meisel	Violin
R. Erich	Guitar	E. Gregory	Violin

Back Row, Left to Right: J. Meier, G. Brennen, W. Straub, M. Jacob, G. Eckert, G. Hoehn, M. Davis, R. Bauer, D. Haberberger, R. Erich, E. Meier, F. Simbeck.
Front Row, Left to Right: J. Breindl, M. Smith, M. Herbst, N. Arnold, Q. Fritz, H. Lenze, R. Geitner, A. Grotzinger, E. Ritter, R. Hacherl, J. Gregory, H. Meisel, E. Gregory.

Music

OF all the sweet and noble arts, music is the best and most beloved, for its charms are felt not only by sceptered kings, but also by lowly peasants. Music—what is the meaning of that word? To me it signifies only one thing—the voice of God whispering to our souls. His tender love songs bring us company in our solitude, peace in our affliction, joy in our sadness. So, whenever our souls are burdened and oppressed, we need only to let our fingers coax a melody from some musical instrument to find relief.

Who of us has not felt a radiant joy when listening to the sweet songs of Nature? The wind, sighing softly in the leafy tree-tops, the breezes, rustling about in the tall grasses, the waters of the brook tinkling along in their course to the sea—all are melodious harmonies of Nature. How like a carefree tune sounds the merry shrilling of young frogs and crickets! And, surely, no music ever composed by humans, has been able to equal in purity of tones and sweetness of expression the warblings, carols and paeans of the birds.

Music has a refining, inspiring and patriotic influence, for the "universal language" may express joy, sorrow, peace or love. How many minds have been stirred and ennobled when the patriotic strains of Sousa's marches were wafted toward the heavens! How many hearts have thrilled in response to the masterpieces of Beethoven, Schubert and Bach! How many tears have flowed when the sad tones of Mozart's Requiem Mass cried out in the silence of a church! Yes, all races are of one accord when music speaks to their hearts. Shakespeare says, "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is moved with a concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

In all ages, places and climes, from the darkest corner of far Africa to the brightest city of Europe, music flourishes. The ancient Greeks had their ballads and lyrics, their music and song of the Muses; the Romans had the songs of their trumpets and bugles, calling them to victory. Minstrels and troubadors have come and departed. Operas and masques are among the masterpieces of centuries.

Let us cultivate music as we cultivate poetry, for in each we shall find a real refuge and solace.

—*Seniors.*

A Great Musical Composer

SIGMUND ROMBERG

THROUGHOUT the world there is a common belief that all artists in their struggle for success live in attics and go hungry. Well, they are wrong. Here is one famous musician who never need reminisce over days of strife gone by for he has never struggled.

When Sigmund was born, his father, Adam Sigmund, was very wealthy—the manager of three Hungarian Chemical factories. He was greatly pleased that he had an heir for he intended that his son should succeed him in the business. But Frau Romberg had other plans. She was determined that he become a musician of note.

The youth grew up amid the pageantry of old Vienna. He was taught to dance the native mazurka and schattesche with grace and gallantry, as was a part of every Viennese boy's education. From prep school he entered college and it was there that he was to realize his father's ambition for him. He was to become an engineer.

He felt he was an alien in the long, silent corridors of the university. He despised the dull classrooms, smelling of dust and chalk. Draftsmanship irked him most of all. He could not design a thing of beauty. In it he would, in desperation, draw a clef with sharps and flats. It was simple for him to achieve grace and beauty in music, lively melodies seemed to drip from his pen. He would become oblivious to all in order to send some haunting waltz tune to a contest.

By the time he was fifteen, his music was as much admired in Viennese drawing rooms as his sketches were derided in the university. Everyone but Mr. and Mrs. Romberg realized Sigmund's talents and that in this he would become greater than in architecture.

A year later he withdrew from the college and for a time directed a seventy-piece orchestra in the Budapest College of Music. Here, success was instantaneous. All Budapest bowed before this young composer—all except the first love of Romberg's life. For many years she had been the flaxen-haired fraulein who accompanied him to picnics and concerts. He was very happy, but through one silly act by which he had hoped to win her, he lost her. Try as he would, Romberg failed to win her back, and after several futile attempts he gave up and sailed to America.

Here he found that the praise of Vienna and Budapest had preceded him. But he found much to worry about, for New York producers failed to see how he could write soul-stirring music when he had never felt the pangs of poverty.

Nevertheless, he continued to write. He could have had a job on his reputation but that was not what he wanted. He met other good composers, many of whom were poor and underweight from overwork, and yet failed to receive recognition. What did they want? He decided if he became naturalized and learned the American language he would be better liked. So he applied for papers and entered night school. His great knowledge of the cello, bass violin, organ, piano and violin he shared with others. He wrote sketches and submitted them to every recognized producer and actor on Broadway; and soon he was able to sell some music, as Sigmund Romberg, a humble violinist, and not as Sigmund Romberg, the son of wealth.

In the production of his first skit were three famous actors, who were just getting their start—Al Jolson and Willie and Eugene Howard. They realized that Sigmund Romberg could have bought his way into Broadway, and they knew why he had not, and respected him for it. One evening, as they sat in a tavern, Romberg got the idea that he would write an operetta and he would call it, "The Midnight Girl." As the

four sat and pondered, bowl after bowl of pretzels disappeared, washed down by stein after stein. Dawn was creeping over the sky-line of Manhattan when they wended their way wearily home. When the operetta was finally finished and produced, it was an immediate success.

When the war was over, in which he had served as an Intelligence officer, he went back to Broadway. The first ones he looked up were his old buddies, Jolson and DeSylva, who had written the lyrics for his first operetta.

They decided to write a drama together, and so they went to a resort in the Adirondacks where they could live in bachelor-fashion, and not even shave until their work had been completed. Many visitors came but still they didn't shave. One day a very lovely lady called. Sigmund fell in love with her and later married her.

With his happiness complete, Romberg wrote music of a finer, more lasting quality. Women were enthusiastic over his magnetic personality; men admired his genius. He was Romberg, the much sought after composer, and he let everyone know it.

However, his disposition mellowed with age. He has grown more contented and Sigmund Romberg is perhaps the gentlest, most charitable man in the theater.

Memories—Memories—Now he can look back on his turbulent youth and see how different is his creed. "Happiness is so simple," he says. "I believe it consists of little things like rising early with a smile every morning. If you never keep a grouch over five minutes you won't get into much trouble. Don't expect the world to be as you want it. Take it as you find it and you'll find it's a pretty good old world, after all. Besides," he smiles, "it's more fun being surprised than disappointed."

—*Charlotte Heinkel.*

The Long Trail

There's a long trail winding through the hills,
Past many sparkling streams and rills,
Miles and miles, it winds its way
And tires one, as a journey, in a day.

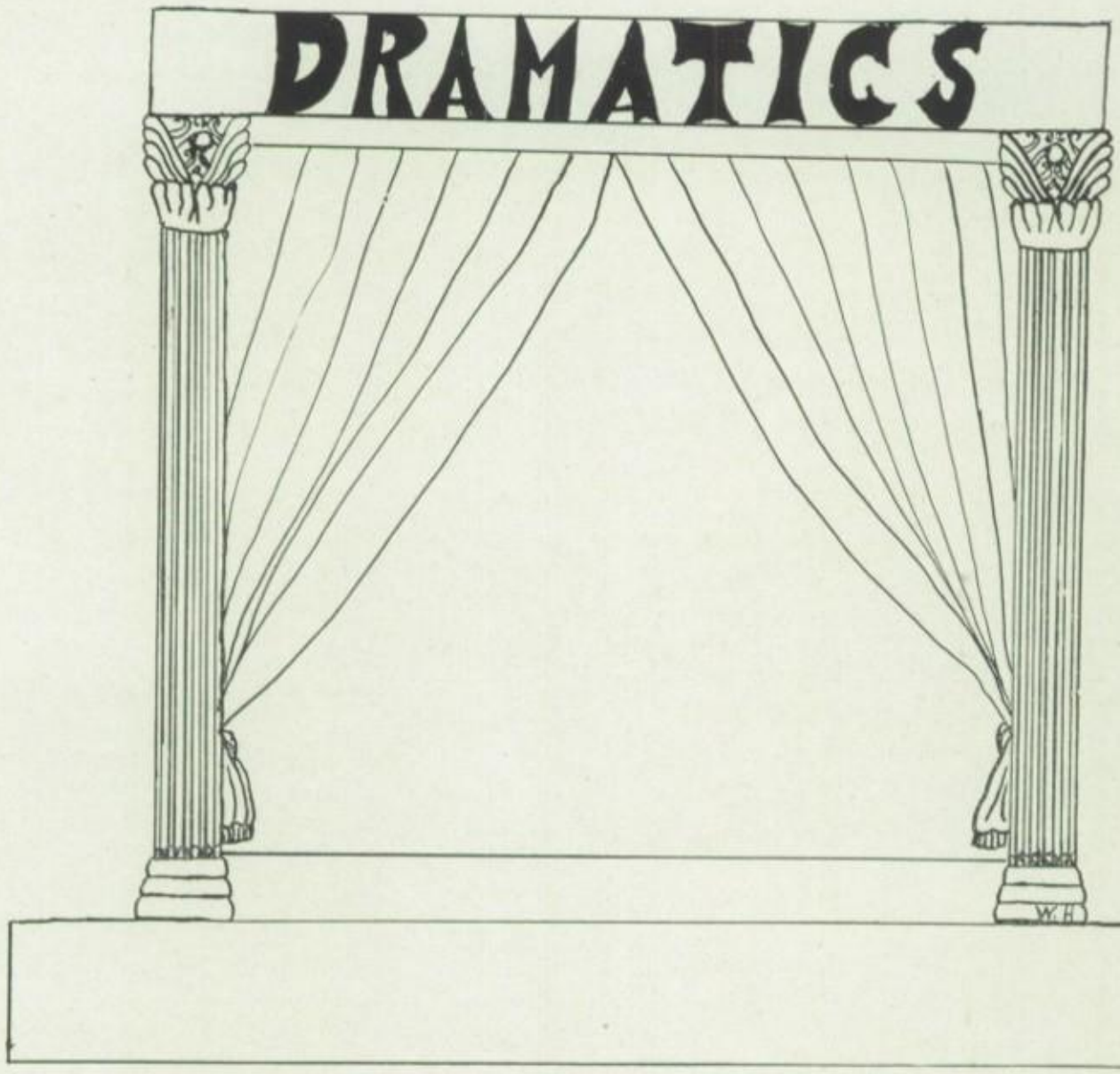
Will this trail lead us anywhere,
Or will gray-turned be our hair,
Before we reach its tiresome end,
As our toilsome way we wend.

This long trail is each one's life,
Filled with toil and filled with strife.
The end of the trail is our Heavenly Home,
Toward it let us bravely roam.

—*Zita Woods.*

Domestic Science Class

Martha Woefel	Mildred Samick	Margaret Seelye	Elizabeth Ambuske
Louise Woefel	Mildred Emmert	Helen Hanes	Agatha Daniels
Evelyn McIntyre	Alice Grotzinger	Mary Schneider	



THE Juniors gained recognition in the field of dramatics by a well directed and faithfully carried out program, including the reproduction of the Court scene from Shakespeare's famous "Merchant of Venice." The character of Shylock was depicted with remarkable ability on the part of Francis Wiesner. The musical selections were exceptionally well rendered and were much appreciated by the audience.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated by a play presented by the Freshman boys. The fine manner in which they conducted it, their polite and respectful attitude in addressing the audience, did credit to each member of the cast.

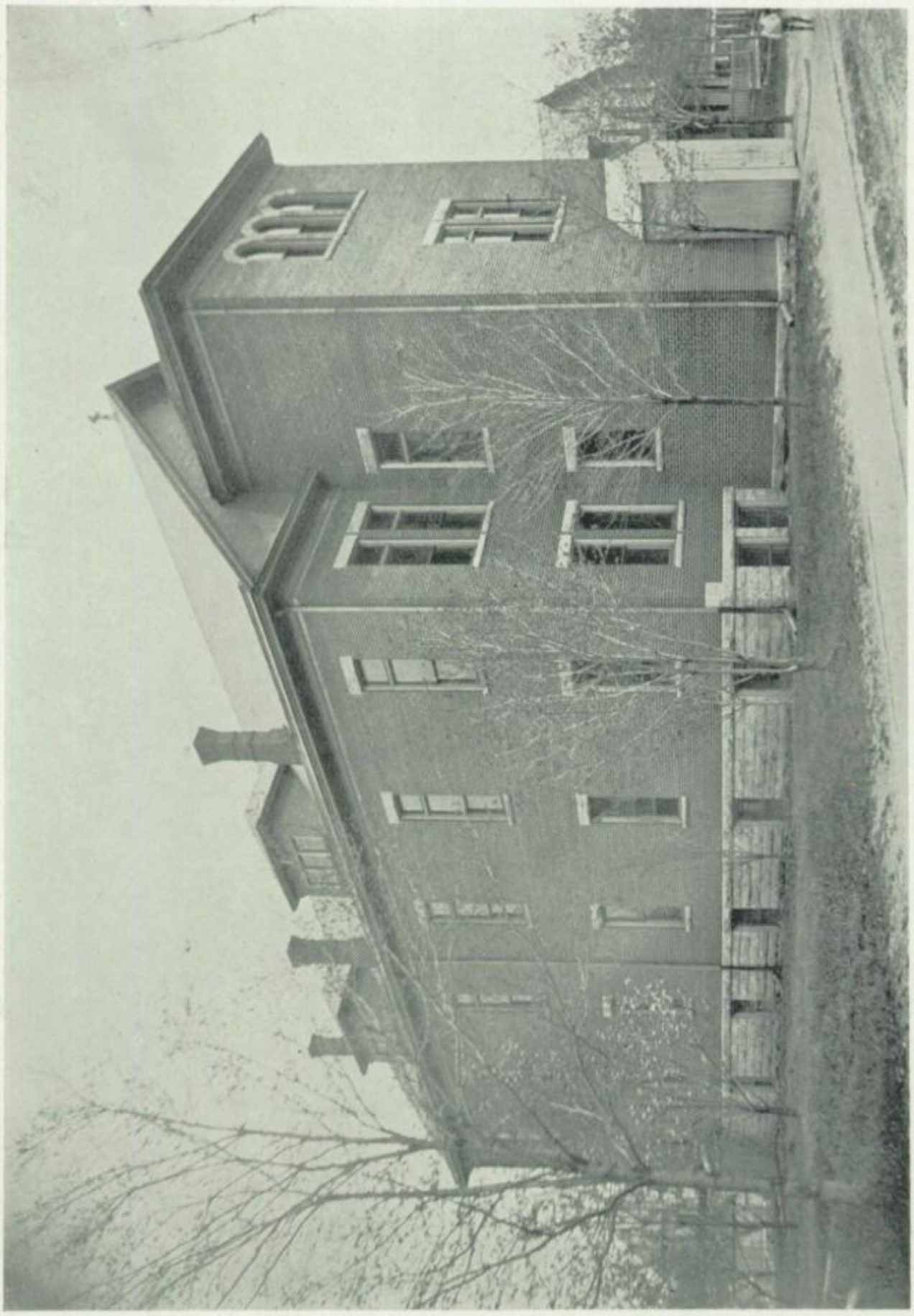
"The People's Lawyer," presented by the Seniors, opens with Charles Otis, the honest clerk and employee of Mr. Winslow, talking to Lawyer Tripper who is a crooked attorney of Mr. Winslow. John Ellsley, the next man on the scene, relates how extravagant he has been in going to the different games and sports. Mr. Winslow then enters and discusses with Charles the signing of a check which is of considerable consequence to him. Winslow tries to induce Charles to testify on oath to something of which he is not certain. Otis refuses to do this because he knows it to be wrong. Winslow discharges him 'midst a stream of abusive language.

Howard, a simple mechanic by trade and a lawyer by profession, which, however, remains unknown to the people, is witness to this injustice. He also has an altercation with Mr. Winslow about a poor widow's rights. Winslow resolves to engage the crooked clerk, Ellsley, to help in his nefarious work.

Charles Otis, pale and dejected, returns home and tells his mother of his temptation and discharge. John comes on the scene and begs Charles to keep a secret of his, and then tells him that he stole a watch, which in reality he took at the advice of Winslow for the purpose of indicting Charles as the thief. John, before leaving, puts the watch into Charles' pocket. Shortly afterward, two policemen enter, search Charles, find the watch and take him to jail. This, after quite a little struggle, despite Charles' protest that he is innocent.

The case later goes to court and when Winslow's attorney sums up the evidence he is sure of victory for Winslow. The people's lawyer comes on the scene, makes Ellsley confess his purgery, proves Charles innocent, convicts Winslow of forging a check, and discloses his own identity as mechanic and lawyer. During each act, the wit and humor of Solon Shingle, a country teamster, is outstanding and created much merriment among the audience.

—*Charles Brennen.*



Our Gymn—St. Marys, Pa.

A Little Advice To Our Sportsmen

1. Never give up, but always keep that pep and fight until the last out; a game is never over until then.

2. Do not brag after winning, nor make excuses if you lose; be a good loser, congratulate the winner.

3. Do not razz the referee, he is human, too, and can make mistakes; besides, all your razzing and arguing can not change the decision; if the umpire should need a correction, the captain should do it, and he should do it in a pleasant and agreeable way.

4. A little prayer or ejaculation before each game will help.

5. Play fair, clean and hard.

6. Team work is absolutely necessary.

7. Finally—

"When the Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He will not ask you if you won,
But— How you played the game."

—*Charles Brennen.*

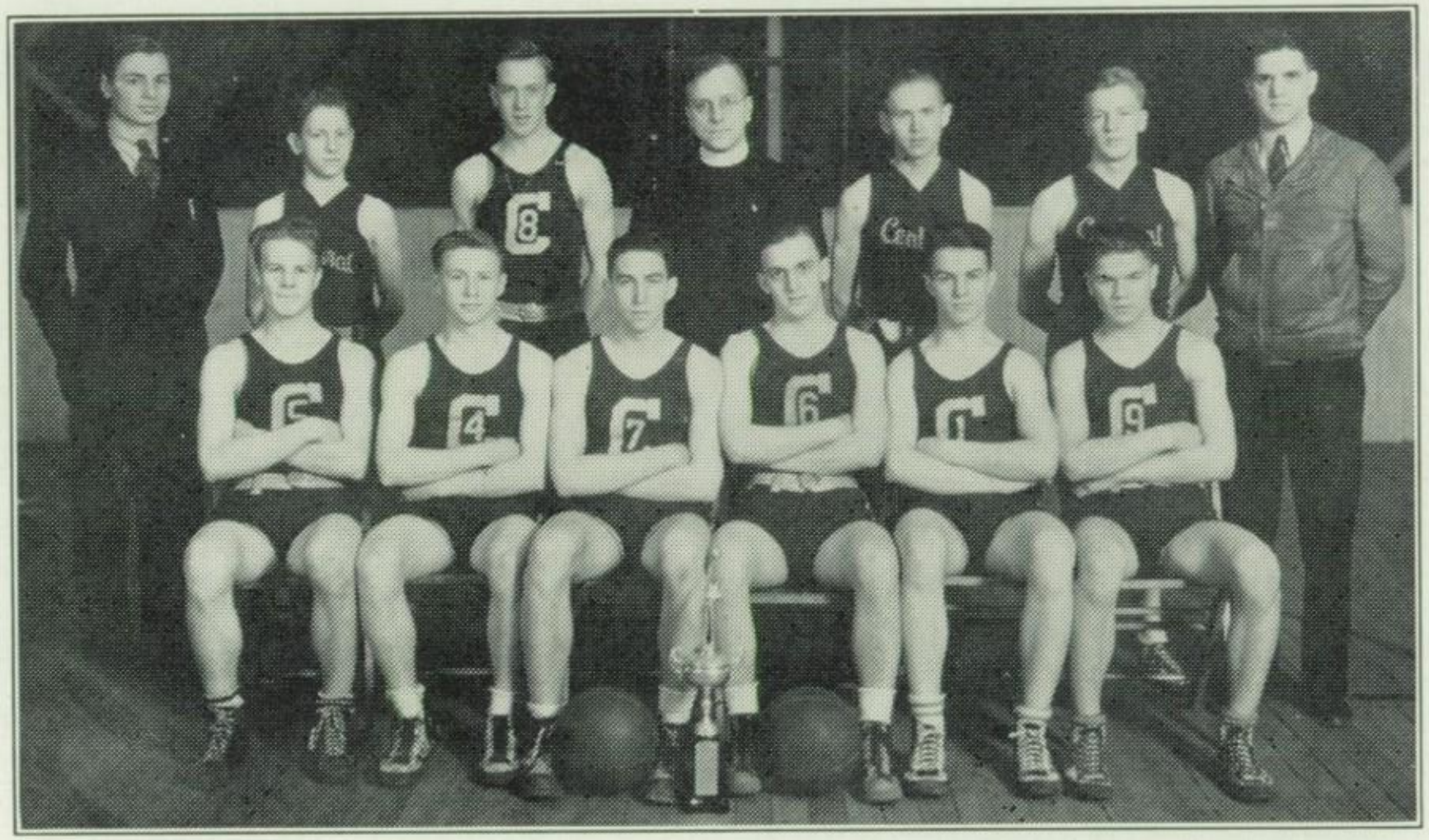
Athletics

OUR school games are over for us. Fighting for our dear Alma Mater, wearing her colors, can now exist only in our memory. All we have left is memories.

The year 1935-36 saw us march onto the gridiron as a team representing Central in the most spirited, colorful, dramatic game, football. We wore the wreath of laurels and drank the cup of defeat. We played with the spirit that Central is noted for. But most of all we learned.

Under the firm but kind and patient coaching of Rev. Father Theodore and Bill Valentine we learned things besides football. They taught us sportsmanship and coached us in the fundamentals of the game; laid down for us a foundation which in future years would not crumble, but bear us to victories which would make Central a school looked up to and recognized by others.

Then came Basketball season. The boys were all anxious to make this year the most successful that Central has seen in recent times. And they did it, too. The team added fame to our school by winning the Erie Diocesan League and capturing the coveted Bishop Gannon Trophy. They even went farther in defeating the much talked



Top Row—Left to Right
A. Werner, L. Wiechman, E. Samick, Rev. Fr. Theodore, E. Andres, W. Hanes, J. Goetz
Bottom Row—Left to Right
W. Weber, A. Herbst, R. Pfingstler, A. Kronenwetter, T. Bebble, A. Walker

about St. Joe's team of Oil City. Our victory was their second set-back in twenty-three games. The team set a record of a mere five defeats out of twenty-five games.

The season began on December 6 and was celebrated by a 36-32 victory over the Alumni. After a defeat dealt us by Emporium, our Crusaders broke Johnsonburg for a 43-31 victory. Then, after a 33-24 set-back by that team, the Centralites went on a winning streak of ten games, adding Limestone, Renovo, Brockport, Emporium, St. Leo's of Ridgway, St. Catherine's of DuBois, and St. Bernard's of Bradford, to their list of victims.

We lost a hard game to St. Vincent Prep., but it was as colorful a game as Central's fans ever want to see. Of course, the game at Bradford which decided the League Champs, was most exciting and dramatic, and we must not forget to add, most happy. Central's next biggest thrill was that glorious, unlooked-for victory over Oil City.

—*Andrew Wehler.*

ALPHONSE KRONENWETTER, Captain—*Forward*

High scorer, with 233 points, even after missing three games, due to illness. It seemed that each time one of the team was puzzled as to what should be done with the ball, he threw it to "Konny" who knew just what to do with it, and in a hurry, too.

ANTHON HERBST—*Forward*

Ranking next to Captain Kronenwetter, with 202 points, "Tony" heaped the right forward position with glory. His short game was the pride of the team.

WILFRED HANES—*Forward*

Whitey possesses a rare, cold, unexcitable manner that earned for him the name of the coolest player on the squad.

REGIS PFINGSTLER—*Center*

His superior height and jumping ability proclaimed him a valuable aid in the winning of the championship. His scoring was reliable, but it was his flashy defense that brought out his playing ability.

WILLIAM WEBER—*Guard*

Bill's rugged body and his quick mind left opposing teams paralyzed after he had used some of his well-timed tricks to snatch the ball from them at the deciding moments of play.

THOMAS BEBBLE—*Guard*

"Tom" seemed to be everywhere at one time. It was his deceptive maneuvering that enabled him to move into the most strategic positions.

EARL ANDRES—*Guard*

"Specks" had an unnamable quality that led his opponents to believe that he was no scoring meance. When they did open their eyes, it was usually too late to do much good.

—*J. Andrew Wehler.*

Left to right, back row: E. Samick, A. Bayer, T. Bebble, I. Herzing, J. Bauer, Rev. Fr Theodore, J. Ehrensberger, T. Lenze, G. Finfinger, E. Jesselinck, L. Briendel, D. Kronenwetter, J. Fritz, A. Wehler, M. Clark.

Front row: W. Weber, J. Shaffer, L. Herzing, G. Higgins, A. Kronenwetter, A. Werner, V. Sorg, R. Seth, A. Walker, G. Wegemer.

Our Coaches

FATHER THEODORE and James Goetz, his assistant, coaches of the Central High Basketball team, deserve our gratitude for their unrelenting efforts in striving to put out a winning team. Night after night, did these two sacrifice some of their leisure for the players. Their efforts have been rewarded, by the team taking the Erie Diocesan League, which included the winning of the Bishop Gannon Trophy.

Father came to our town a few years ago and immediately took charge of High School Athletics. As an assistant, he selected James Goetz, a graduate of Central High, who, in his high school days, had made a name for himself in sports as well as in his studies.

Before becoming Athletic Director in our school, Father had charge of the sports in Johnstown. He succeeded in having successful teams while stationed there. His players were well grounded in the fundamentals of basketball playing. The people greatly appreciate the work done in sports by Reverend Father Theodore.

Jimmy was a leader in high school sports as well as an outstanding player both here and in independent fields. His ability is marked by the number of teams in which he played, together with those he captained. He is not only a basketball player, but is successful in bowling, tennis and other games.

We, the Class of '36, wish to express our thanks for the help given us by Rev. Father and Jimmy. We know that whatever success was ours is greatly due to them.

—*A. Kronenwetter.*

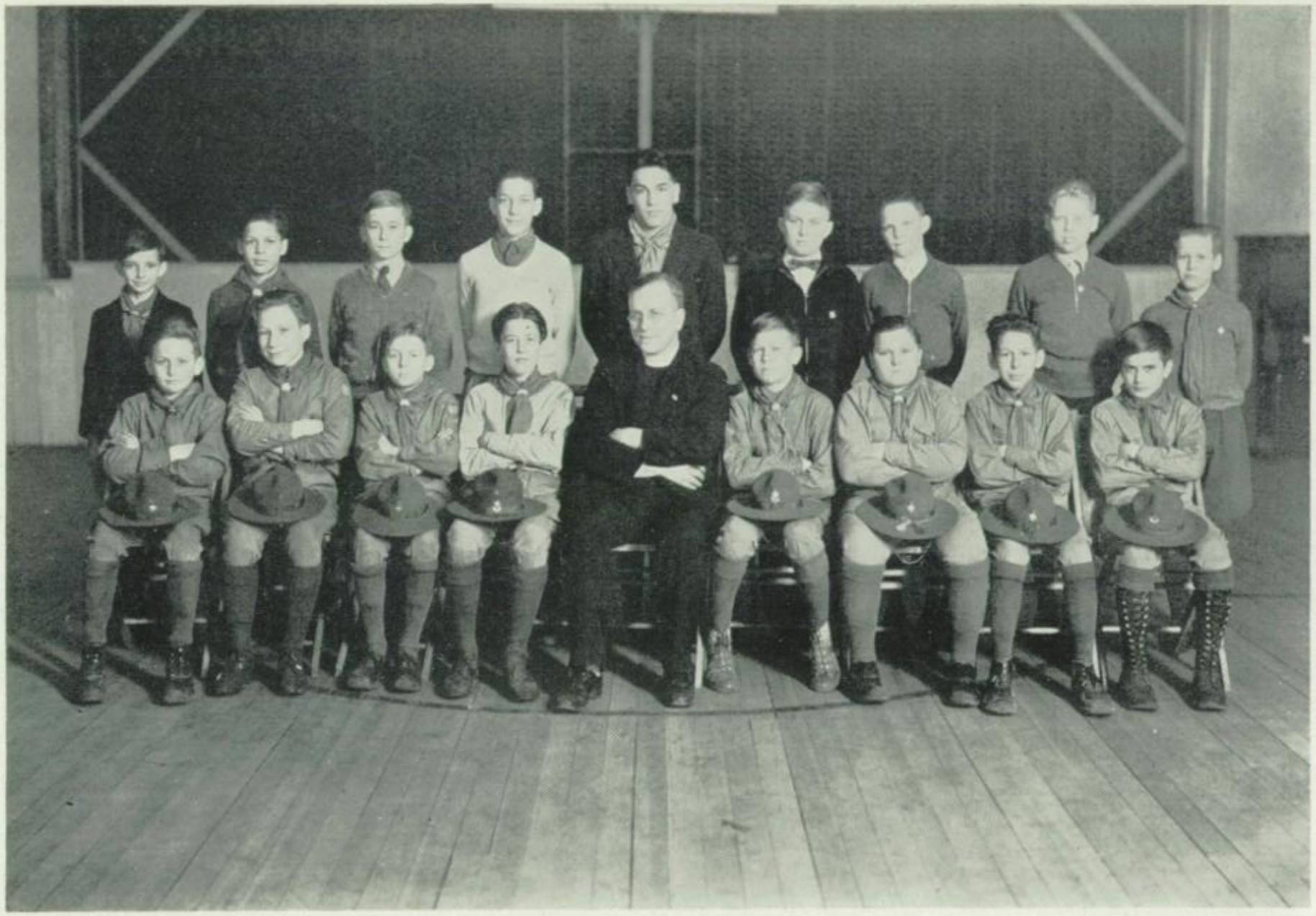
At the Football Game

The loyal troupes of students
Gather along the field,
Hoping the team, o'er the enemy,
Some magic power might wield.

We cheer, we yell, we sing,
That our team might back a victory bring.
The boys, they fight with might and main,
But yet they cannot make a gain.

Soon it's all over,
But it's been fun,
Then says a Freshman, "Who Won?"

—*Loretta Hagan.*



St. Marys Scout Troop

Back Row, left to right: Scouts Gerber, Hanes, Fritz, Hanes, Geeck, Wolfel, Lenze, Lecker, Ritter.

Front Row, left to right: Scouts Straub, Wells, Struble, Lenze, Scout Chaplain Fr. Theodore, Fritz, Ehrensberger, Lechner, Detsch.

Activities

EARL ANDRES
Commercial (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball (3, 4); Bowling (4); Debating (2, 3); Assistant Student Manager (4); Business Manager (4).

CHARLES BRENNEN
Classical; Secretary (4); Chief of Club Room Committee (4); Basketball (1, 2, 3); Football (1, 2, 3); Elocution (3).

JOHN GREGORY
Science; Treasurer (4); Dramatics (3); Contributing Editor (4).

WILFRED HANES
Science (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball (3, 4); Bowling (3, 4); Dramatics (3); Artist (4).

ALPHONSE KRONENWETTER
Science; Dramatics (3); Football (3, 4); Bowling (4); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Historian (4).

THOMAS LEARN
Academic; Dramatics (3); Debating (2, 3); Class Poet (4); Vice-President (4).

THOMAS LENZE
Commercial (1, 2, 3, 4); Football (3, 4); Debating (2, 3); Dramatics (3); Joke Editor (4).

JOHN PISTNER
Academic (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Prophet (4); Bowling (4); Dramatics (3); Debating (2, 3).

VINCENT SORG
Regular; Baseball (3); Dramatics (3); Debating (2, 3); Bowling (3, 4); Football (3, 4).

WILLIAM STRAUB
Commercial; Treasurer (1); Dramatics (3); Orchestra Leader (4); Debating (2); Exchange Editor (4).

WILLIAM WEBER
Commercial (1, 2, 3, 4); Football (4); Basketball (3, 4); Dramatics (3); Debating (3); Bowling (4); Class Artist (4).

ANDREW WEHLER
Science (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatics (3); Football (3, 4); Bowling (4); Debating (3); Sports Writer (3); Baseball (3).

ARTHUR WERNER
Academic; Dramatics (3); Elocution (1, 3, 4); Editor-in-Chief (4); Debating (3); Football (4); Bowling (4); President (4).

ALBERT ZWACK
Commercial; Baseball (3); Debating (2, 3); Bowling (3, 4); Dramatics (3).

NONSENSE AND HUMOR

Jake: "Why didn't you shoot that deer?"

Whitey: "Ah—it had such a pretty tail."

Why growl? It's the best world you ever lived in.

People have more fun than anybody.

Noise is louder than anything.

Ad. Manager: "Who will go to J. J. Lynch, the undertaker?"

Bud: "I'll take care of him."

Learn: "Like fun you will; he'll take care of you."

The other day, when we went into the study hall, there were a few words on the board, that read as follows:

Chance Cards
Please Be
Back By
Friday

Teacher: "It took thousands of years for the Grand Canyon to be formed."

Hanes: "I didn't know that it was a Government project."

Teacher: "You boys will have to don make-up for your play."

Learn: "Hanes, you just comb your hair and no one will recognize you."

Teacher: "Who was George Elliott?"

Johnny (quite puzzled): "He was a she."

Teacher (illustrating a problem): "If I add a cipher, I get sense (cents)."

Sophomore (just returned from Confession): "Hey, did any of you kids see my rosary going to church?"

Fishing

I like to take my rod and creel,
So from all work a day I steal,
And journey to the little brook
With bait and line and fishing hook.

I first repose beside the stream,
In smiling sunshine bask and dream;
Then slowly rise and cast about
To make a plan to catch a trout.

This done, I bait my hook with a fly,
And then my angler's skill I try.
Unless the fish my flies dislike,
I'll likely make a lucky strike.

Next, I try a grasshopper, too,
To catch a whopper with something new.
My catch today may be quite small
But a few are better than none at all.

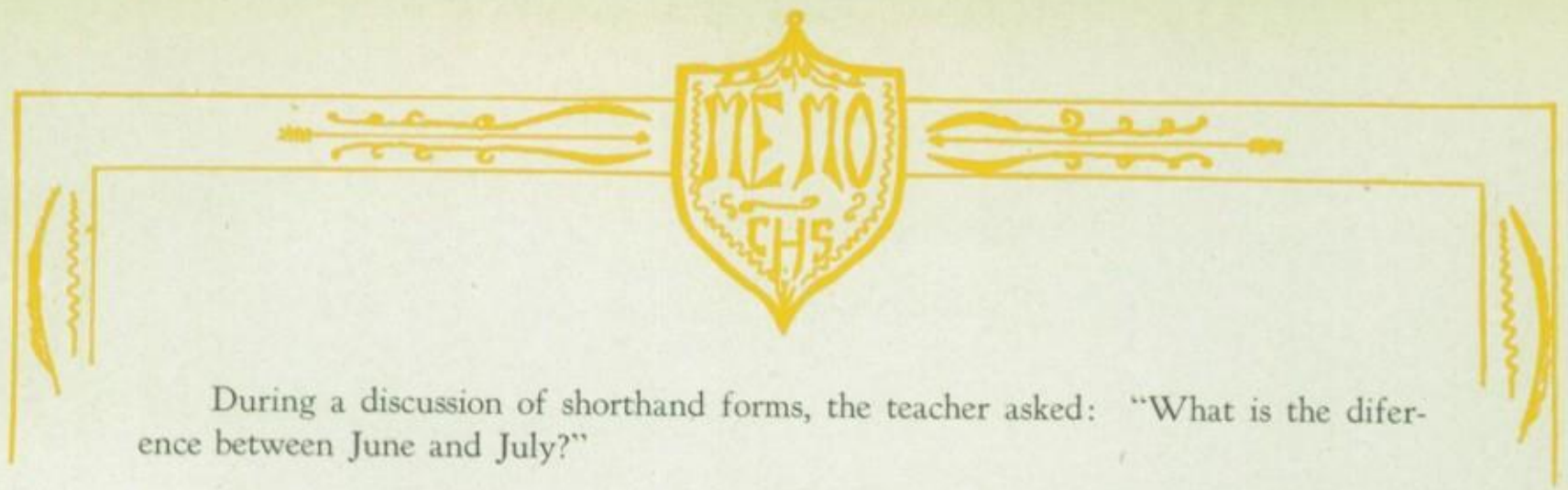
I try to feed them a worm on a hook
When I cast my line for trout in a brook.
At noon I rest and eat a snack
In hopes that luck will soon come back.

A new craving to fish I cannot spurn
And with creel and rod to the stream I return.
I say to myself, "With courage I'll win."
Half the luck lies in pluck once more to begin.

So I fish, and I take a few of them now.
After all, 'tis not luck, but just knowing how.
Soon the shadows grow long, the sun now will sink,
So of journeying homeward I presently think.

I take up my creel, my bait and my hook
And reluctantly say good-bye to the brook.
I go home not disheartened; I'd fish without limit,
Just ask me to go, I'll say YES in a minute.

—*Hanes.*



During a discussion of shorthand forms, the teacher asked: "What is the diference between June and July?"

Albert: "A month."

Preparing for an examination in Commercial Law, the question was asked:

Teacher: "What does your book say about the liability of a common carrier?"

Helen: "It says that it will be discussed in Chapter 24."

Mary was making a recitation, on "The First Snowfall." She got in the midst of her recitation and said, "It rained all day and it rained all night, and in the morning, there was five feet of snow."

"What Would Happen If"

"Tommy" Lenze couldn't go roller skating?

Earl Andres forgot his glasses?

Albert Zwack broke his fishing pole?

"Willy" Weber had no flower garden?

"Billy" Straub had no swimming pool?

"Vinnie" Sorg could not bowl?

"Konny" Kronenwetter lost his basketball?

John Gregory bid farewell to his farm?

"Whitey" Hanes shot a doe or a buck?

"Andy" Wehler broke his golf club?

"Art" Werner forgot his tennis racket?

"Tom" Learn couldn't crack a joke?

"Johnny" Pistner had no car to drive?

"Bud" Brennan lost his way to the golf course?

—Earl J. Andres.

Favorites

Name	*Studies*	*Flowers*	*Colors*
Mary Andres	Bookkeeping	Violet	Cerise and White
Dorothy Ambuske	Biology	Rose	Red and White
Mildred Braun	Geometry	Sweet Pea	Red and White
Mary Clonan	English	Orange Blossoms	Blue and Silver
Virginia Cotter	English	Lilac	Blue and White
Dolores Dieteman	Shorthand	Rose	Blue and Green
Veronica Fritz	English	Gardenia	Blue and Green
Helen Geeck	Shorthand	Orchids	Red and Blue
Bernardine Grotzinger	Latin	Lily	Blue and Pink
Iona Gausman	Shorthand	Brown Eyed Susan	Blue and Gold
Loretta Hagan	Bookkeeping	Lily of the Valley	Green and Brown
Charlotte Heinkle	Algebra	Peony	Black and White
Rita Jacob	Bookkeeping	Rose	Red and Yellow
Rita Krellner	Virgil	Delphinium	Blue and Pink
Rita Herzing	Typing	Carnation	Blue and Brown
Mary Leithner	Typing	Lily of the Valley	Red and Green
Mary Rose Minnick	Bookkeeping	Rose	Blue and Brown
Dolores Mullaney	Commercial Law	Forget-me-not	Green and Brown
Martha Olson	Commercial	Orange Blossoms	Cerise and White
Clair Marie O'Hern	English	Orchids	Blue and Green
Evelyn Haberberger	General Science	Tulips	Red and White
Helene Rupprecht	Shorthand	Peony	Blue and Pink
Staffie Shuster	Typing	Rose	Red and Blue
Rose Solic	Typing	Rose	Red and White
Mary Weber	Shorthand	Talisman Rose	White and Gold
Catherine Wilhelm	Typing	Lilac	Green and Yellow
Alice Wortman	Shorthand	Snap-dragon	Pink and Yellow
Zita Woods	English	Peony	Yellow and Red

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Brown's Boot Shops
Smith's Sport Store
St. Marys News Room
A Friend
R. R. Vanatta
St. Marys Transfer Co.
Singer Sewing Machine Agency
Consolidated News Agency
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Eagen's Hardware Store
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Jack Gross
B. & R. Electric Co.
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A. E. Sloan
Fred A. Luhr
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M. H. Herbst
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George Werner
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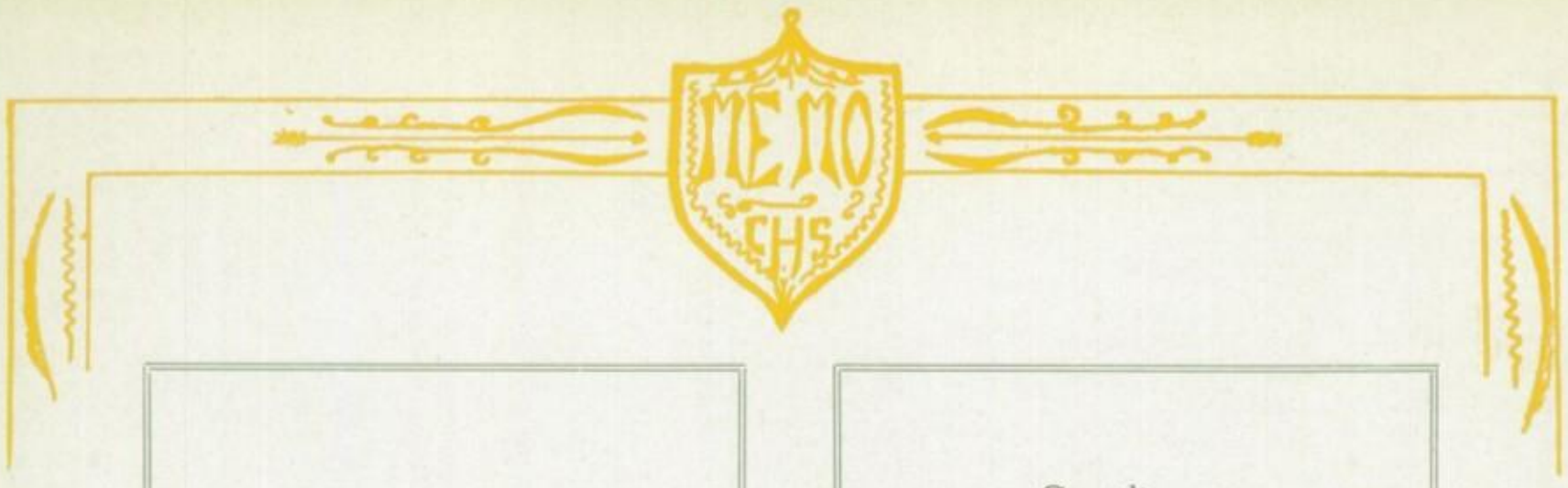

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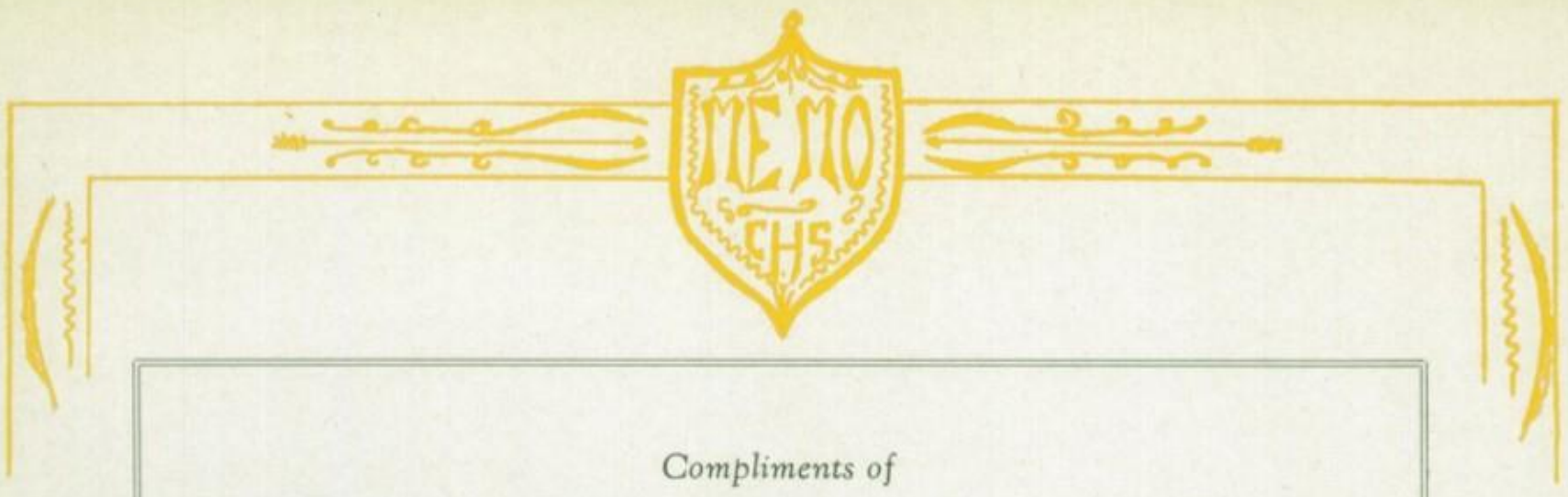

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